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MEMORIES OF VACATION



EDITORIAL

Well, we're here! Those girls who have been here before have greeted the rest of those who have been here before, have gossiped a little about those who haven't returned, and have helped the new arrivals to get settled and feel more at home. Now we can stop for a single little moment to join hands in a sort of mutual welcome each to each.

We're glad because we're here! We wish for a little while that we were "back home with mother," perhaps—but down underneath we are sincerely glad that we are a part of this Illinois Woman's College. It is holding out to us with its welcome, a heap of good opportunities, a mass of encouragement, and simply glorious stacks of hard work.

Our Greetings Extra this week would voice in a modest way something of this general sentiment of welcome we all feel. It would extend a hearty greeting and wishes for the coming of the greatest things in the growth of all of us into the best of us.

SUMMER NEWS

Illinois Woman's College was well represented at the Centenary Celebration at Columbus, Ohio this summer: The girls who were employed there as stewards were: Zerita Schwartz, Marie Iliff, Helen Blaisdell, Winifred Keplinger, Eva Gertrude Hodgens, Mildred Funk, Esther Hetherlin, Ruby Baxter, Cordelia Randolph. Some I. W. C. visitors there, were: Gladys Goodale, Lucille Parr, Anne McKinney, Merlin Terhume, Goldie Downey, Louise Reed, and Mr. and Mrs. Nyman.

Zay Wright was a settlement worker in Gary, Indiana for the most part of the summer.

The Hasenstab sisters were proprietors of a summer hotel at Lake Delevan, Wisconsin, and managed the affair successfully.

Betty Bacon went to the Catskill Mountains to spend her vacation.

Helen Blaisdell and Vivian Keplinger were employed at the Y. M. C. A. College Camp at Lake Geneva for four weeks.

Erva Moody, a former I. W. C. girl was a field secretary for Carthage Col-

The College Greetings

Editor--inChief
Associate Editor
Assistant Editors
Business Manager
Assistant Managers
Faculty Advisor

Esther Hetherlin
Marie Iliff
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Blanche Seaman
Margaret Watson, Betty Bacon
Miss Mary Anderson

lege this summer. Since Erva was here two years, we claim part of the distinction which was hers when she won the medal for being the best "all-round" Junior girl at Carthage.

Mabel Wyatt, the former freshman pianist, was married this summer to Paul Spink, a Jacksonville man. They are living in Terre Haute.

Jerry Bailey and Helen Tom-baugh attended a house party given by Esther Harper at Battle Ground, Indiana.

Eva Gertrude Hodgens will spend the winter in California.

Misses Minier, Brooks, and Stan-wood spent July in Estes Park, Colo-rado.

Miss Stanwood was recreation lead-er at a Y. W. Camp at Hardey Camp in the Ozarks.

Blanche McCauley went to Australia with her father and will not return to take up her work as Sophomore busi-ness manager of the Greetings.

Miss Compton took work at Col-umbia University.

Miss Sieverdena Harmel has an-nounced her engagement to Fred J. Eden of Pekin.

Mrs. Anne Rotruck will not return to college this fall since her husband is back from France. They will live at Indianapolis.

Miss Lazelle made a concert tour of the West.

Mr. Stearns has accepted a position as head of Music, Art and Expression departments at Washburn College.

Helen Ost is studying in New York

at the Art Students' League.

Miss Benson is Pastor's Assistant at the Christain Church in Springfield.

Miss Robinson and Miss Moore spent the summer studying.

Vera Tomlin of Class of '12 was married this summer.

Lillian Bush who attended Academy here married Dr. Timothy Chaisson, September 11th.

Ruth Harper, Venus Neff, Julia Pit-kin, Edith Baldwin and Helena Betch-er are former students who have re-turned.

Miss Alma Harmel will read Percy Mackay's play "Tomorrow" in New York this winter, and at the author's request will first read it to him and his daughter.

Hazel Dell was Asst. Manager of a summer camp at Dubuque.

THE WHAT AND WHY OF THE GREETING

Every live college now a days has a college paper or magazine in which the deeds and dreams of its students and faculty are duly recorded. I. W. C. being such a college has just such a magazine and it is called the College Greetings. The aim of this magazine to be an active aid in making every organization a stronger and more suc-cessful part of college life.

You, as students of the college, will want a Greetings which you can proudly display to the folks at home or to your friends in other colleges.

In a few days you are all going to have an opportunity to purchase a yearly subscription. Of course you will all gladly respond to this offer as well as to future requests for literary efforts on your part.

THE "BROWN BOOK" SPEAKS

I may seem only a number of pages of paper, strewn liberally with printer's ink:

I am the voice of authority.

I am as the twelve tables of stone.

I am bristling with the particular customs and manners of the Illinois Woman's College.

I am an obstacle to conduct frowned upon by the powers.

I am as idealistic as Wilson, and as practical as Hoover.

I am a symbol of justice and social obligation.

I am a guide, philosopher, and friend.

I am yours—you may keep me under your pillow, in your desk, or in the waste basket.

I prefer being immortalized in your action.

Start the year right. Read your brown book and subscribe for the Greetings.

WHAT 1919 IS DOING

Eleanor Sherrell is attending the Columbia School of Expression in Chicago this winter.

Ruby Baxter is teaching Physics and Mathematics at East Lynn, Illinois.

Kittie Bunting is the Extension Secretary for the Y. W. in Aurora.

Alice Haines and Cordelia Randolph are both teaching in Mansfield this winter. Alice is head of the Latin De-

partment and "Cord" teaches matematics. In a letter from Alice we learned that Cordelia is the principal and Alice is the other teacher.

Helen Irwin has a secretarial position with Marshall Field & Company in Chicago.

Myra Kirkpatrick has won a scholarship at Northwestern, and is taking a graduate course there this winter.

Mary McGhee teaches in the Children's Music Department here at I. W. C. We're mighty glad to have her back.

Alta Marie Miller teaches in the township high school in her old hometown, Nakomis, Ill.

Bess Seward is keeping house in Champaign this winter while her sisters attend the University.

Mary Whiteside has a U. of I. scholarship in English, and is in Champaign.

Zay Wright is teaching in the country school which she used to attend.

Bernice Bowen is teaching in Laurel Nebraska.

Lois Carpenter is attending business college at Galesburg, Illinois.

Louise Reed is teaching at Bixby, Oklahoma.

Mabel Weiss and Edith Pratt are both ladies of leisure, spending the winter at home.

Olive Engel will be at the college this winter, studying music.

Grace Hasenstab is a Social Service Field Worker for the State of Illinois, in the interest of the deaf people.

Mary Moxon will be at home this year.

Ninety-three new girls who have rooms in the building, assure an extraordinary large Freshman class.

SUGGESTIONS

Three safe rules for every freshman to follow:

1. Subscribe for the Greetings.
2. Read the Greetings.
3. Write for the Greetings.

WHAT'S COMING

The Y. W. C. A. Reception for the new girls will be given this Saturday night. Each new girl will be escorted by an old girl.

New Girls! Stay at home Sunday night from 7:30 till 9:30—the old girls are going to call on you.

Everyone goes to the Y. W. meeting Sunday immediately after dinner. Don't forget.

Ehnie's is open at all hours.

New dishes for the dining room are on the way!

Freshmen—Observe the bulletin boards during the next few days—you may miss something if you don't.

East State Street has not been paved yet.

Send your Greetings home to your parents. Keep your **Brown Book**.

A serious thot of concern for I. W. C. girls who breakfast at Batze's on Monday morning, is aroused by the following:

Pie and Ruin. The American's fondness for pie was the ruin of Emerson, according to a letter written by one of his friends, Henry J. Warner: It was pie at breakfast that broke down Emerson prematurely; no human being, however well, can live long and keep his mind unclouded on pie at breakfast. Emerson lost his mind or memory at a much earlier period than he would have been likely to lose it owing to the visions habit of pie at breakfast. "The London Daily News.

Rose Martinoles and Henrietta Des Tousse are here from France. We welcome them to I. W. C.

Miss Storrs came Saturday and she came to stay—in spite of all the efforts of the Dean to persuade her that Saturday was no time for a Freshman to arrive.

Dr. Harker has requested Miss Johnston's deferential consideration. He explains that now he is both President and Vice-President of I. W. C.

Miss Johnston, observing only two vacant tables in the dining room. "From the looks of things tonight the dining room will be filled by tomorrow."

Vinita—"Yes, Connie and Betty Bacon are coming."

NEW FACULTY

Miss Bertha Jones—Home Economics.
Miss Edna L. Storrs—Home Economics.

Miss Lillian Groves—Secretarial course.

Miss Harriet Whitmer—Biology.

Miss Latta Snider—English.

Miss Constance McCammon—Expression.

Miss Ellen Burk—Philosophy and Education.

Mr. Henry Ward Pearson—Director College of Music.

Miss Mary McGhee—Piano.

THE PAPER OF THREE DIMENSIONS.

The Greetings—The paper with the whole school behind it, looking forward to it, and pouring over it.

Marie Towle, class '18, is supervisor of art in the grade schools in Lafayette, Ind.

I. W. C. is a mighty fine place when we all agree, so let's remember to be most agreeable, most of the time, 'most anywhere.

The College Greetings

The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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College Song



By stately elms surrounded
Our dear old college stands,
And with a faith unbounded
Our loyalty demands.
She guides her daughters all aright,
As to her side they cling,
And shields them well when dark the night
'Neath the shadow of her wing.

Chorus

O, College dear, we love but thee,
And will be always true.
Thy colors shall our ensign be—
The yellow and the blue.

Hail to our Alma Mater!
The pride of all the land!
We will loyal be forever,
As by her side we'll stand.
Her fame for aye we will unfold
Till known to all she'll be,
And oft her glories be retold
By us o'er land and sea.

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No. 1

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Associate Editor

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Business Manager

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EDITORIAL



It is with a great deal of encouragement and pleasant promises for the year that this first issue of the College Greetings for 1919-1920 goes to press. With the edition of the **Greetings Extra** we expressed a general welcome to the old and new of I. W. C. each to each. Now we feel that sincere and hearty has been the Co-operation, and financial backing in the way of subscriptions have set us on our feet, so that we can indeed take our stand as the same **Greetings** of old, in spite of old Hard Times and High Cost of Printing.

But our encouragement is not due to financial support alone. The co-operation of all organizations in making this a number introducing the various college activities, the spirit of genuine interest and ownership which has abetted it, all have entered into its spirit of hopeful outlook over the next nine months of college. In fact, so much of the ideal I. W. C. spirit is responsible for its production that it is fitting for mention to be here made of it.

So we would solicit the continued cooperation of all individuals and student activities, and invite the

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coming cooperation of the new girls, both as units making up organizations, and as individual contributors to its publication. We would declare to you,—this is your **College Greetings**, make it what you will!

Trade with our advertisers. The **College Greetings** is partially supported by the business houses of Jacksonville which take out ads. It is only fair for I. W. C. girls, then, to patronize those business concerns which in their turn patronize the I. W. C. college paper,—the places of business which are interested enough in securing your trade to place their names in your monthly publication. If you are thinking of purchasing anything for yourself or friends, it is well to be able to select the places where you will trade from the list published elsewhere in this issue of the **College Greetings**.



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ANOTHER I. W. C. REUNION.

A deeper feeling of reverence for the ideals of our college and a greater respect for the man who has made great dreams come true was born in the heart of every girl who was fortunate enough to be present at the I. W. C. reunion, which was held this summer at Columbus, Ohio, on the grounds of the Methodist Centenary Exposition. Dr. Hancher, who helped raise our endowment, was present and spoke about the problems and future of our college, and Reverend Pletcher gave a short address upon I. W. C. and its relations to Illinois Conference. There were several other short talks all of which were full of praise for what the Woman's College has been and is going to be. Reverend G. W. Flagg, however, made the deepest impression and won the most generous applause when he spoke in praise of the little giant, whose lengthened shadow is our Woman's College.

THE Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

The first big social event of the year, the Y. W. C. A. Reception, was held in the Gymnasium Saturday night. It was the debut of the Y. W. into the society of the new girls. The Gym. was decorated with Jap Lanterns hung from the balconies; ferns decorated the stage.

Z

Following the custom so long established every old girl invited a new girl to go as her guest, introducing her to girls whom she did not know. After the receiving line was passed, a buzz of conversation indicated that the getting acquainted spirit was in full swing. A little later some interesting games were played; and dur-

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ing the latter part of the evening the following program was given: Solo—Louise Pletcher; Reading—Dorothy Remley; Dance—Frances Wilkinson; A Stunt—"The Fall of Troy."

Then the girls, after drinking frappe and eating wafers, went home to dream of names up-side-down, criss-cross, jumbled, everyone doubtful if such a tangle could ever straighten itself.

LAKE GENEVA.

"Everywhere, always, in sunshine, in shadow, in joy, in disappointment, in success, in defeat, we, the Girls of America follow the gleam. If once we fall, we rise to face the light. If once we fail, we fight again to win. We cannot be lonely. We stand together, from North to farthest South, from East to distant West, ours is the surest quest. We know the One we follow."

Summer conferences are potential instruments in giving us eyes that see, hearts that understand and purposes that are worthy. College Camp is the place to share and to gain. We go to Lake Geneva to share big-ness of purpose, high idealism, and the spirit of service; and in return we receive an unusual richness of fellowship, a deepened sense of economic and social responsibility, and a realization of God's power and character.

The daily schedule this year was as follows: After morning Worship, the Bible study classes were held. From 10:00 until 11:00 o'clock was a series of lectures on, "A living Faith for an Age of Rebuilding." after which the World Fellowship courses were given. Quiet hour lasted for one hour in the afternoon. Almost

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every evening, an important lecturer gave an address for the entire conference.

The beauty of the lake and hills corresponds well with the meaning of the conference and the recreation is so well planned that good times play a real part in the life of every conference girl.

Quiet hour may be spent in a tramp off-grounds—so at that time, one can explore all the winding paths that lead to neighboring camps or the shore path that leads around the lake. Anyone planning a trip around the lake should be sure to follow only the foot-path along the shore and not even the advice of gentlemen who own large summer homes, Irish Wolf-hounds etc. for it is most unpleasant to do as this year's I. W. C. delegation did—finding ourselves "Wandering along the shores of Lake Como", instead of Lake Geneva after a thirty-two mile walk!

A plunge at the beach is most refreshing after a hot game of tennis or basket-ball and those who can swim have a big opportunity to learn new fancy dives, and surf-riding, or more important still, there may be some chance to learn to be as unique as Jonah who, as Ada said, was the only one she had ever heard of who swallowed a whale!

Following the evening lecture, each delegation has a discussion hour devoted to the consideration of world issues and personal responsibilities. These meetings give the girls an opportunity to do their own thinking about our needs to-day "in an age of world rebuilding".

Ten-fifteen means absolute quite in all the tents or Mr. Johnson will rap gently on the tent floor and suggest that all extra enthusiasm be saved to be displayed in the morning. The first night, "Mickey"

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Blaisdell found some difficulty in getting into a second birth bed and finally said, "For lands sake, how do you get into these", Kittie B. answered promptly, "Oh that's where gym helps you". M. B. "Jim! Mercy, who is he?"

Up the hill from College Camp is Yerkes Observatory where the largest telescope in the world is located. The revolving dome is so immense and is up so high that it can be seen from almost any point along the lake shore. It serves as a guide to travelers just as the conference benefits the travelers on the road of life by guiding them and binding them in a common interest to promote human welfare by pregnating civilization with the ideals of Christ.

TO THE FRESHMEN ON THEIR GREENNESS.

Folded in a cloak of greenness,
Nature hides her rarest treasures,
Underneath this blessed color
Lies rich promise for the future;
Promises of richest fruitage;
Promises of brightest flowers.

Thus beneath your freshman verdure,
Symbol that you're alive and growing,
Lies the hope of our to morrow;
Treasure store from which we borrow
For the future of our College,
For the future of our World.

Greatest wish with which to speed you
Greatest gift that God can give you
May you all be Evergreens.

Marie Iliff

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THE CENTENARY AT COLUMBUS.

"When I was at Columbus," or other reference to the above place may be made so frequently during the year that for the benefit of those who were not there and know little about it we humbly submit this short and very inadequate, but we hope a somewhat enlightening, explanation.

You read in your Greetings Extra that eleven I. W. C. girls acted as stewards at the Methodist Centenary and that several others were visitors. We were quite proud of our large number because other colleges all over the United States were so well represented.

The eleven stewards roomed at the same house so after a short intermission of two weeks we again took up residence together, which was not unlike dormitory life except that there were no rules and we could breakfast when we chose—or not all. Perhaps there was one other situation which our I. W. C. dormitories have never experienced—and also one which furnished us much entertainment—the house contained a bride and groom. They were kind enough to give up their large room for a smaller one, to accommodate our large number and three of our girls for the first time in their lives occupied the "bridal suite" (consisting of one room, one closet and a bay window). We had been there about a week when we decided we should show the couple our appreciation, so we gave them a serenade of appropriate songs about twelve o'clock one night—they left the next day.

But to go back to the Centenary Exposition itself. It was very much like a World's Fair as far as the exhibits were concerned. A successful attempt was made

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to give to the visitors as nearly as possible an exact representation of the lives of our foreign neighbors, and also of those peoples in our own country whom so many of us have no opportunity to know, the Indian, the Eskimo, the Southern Mountaineer and the Immigrant. In many cases their condition is deplorable, and if civilization is to progress America must share in the work of bettering it in her own and in foreign countries. This cannot be done until the American citizens understand the situation. The Methodist Church, realizing this, "brought the world to Columbus." Natives from nearly every country in the world were there. Typical scenery and scenes from every land gave the visitor a clear idea of each foreign country. Perhaps the most picturesque scene was in the Japanese section. The beautiful garden with its queer little bridge across the stream, bowers covered with wistaria vines, cherry blossoms and flowers everywhere and little Japanese ladies in gay colored kimonas made one feel as if he had suddenly been transferred across the Pacific. In another place an Indian dance or an Indian Wedding took place. In the Chinese building odors of onions cooking or of chop suey from the Chinese Restaurant gave a good touch of local color which few could fail to recognize.

The stewards were employed in a variety of ways. In general it was their duty to help the visitors get as much help from the Centenary as possible. Five of the girls were in the Educational Section of the India building. They were in native costume and conducted the visitors through the demonstrations of the different grades of the schools in India. This was of particular

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interest to us because our Sister College at Madras is a part of the Educational System.

Two girls assisted in the play ground, working with the youngsters who were checked in like any parcel, much to the amusement of some of the parents who insisted that they could recognize their own offspring without the assistance of a numbered tag. They were associated with Francis Little from Japan, a play ground worker of literary reputation.

Marie and 'Cord' were what one might call 'Jacks of all trades'—only they differed from the 'Jacks' of tradition in that they mastered all. Part of the time they spent in explaining the Goodwill Industries and their speeches were works of art. They also displayed their dramatic ability in an Immigration pageant. They became quite efficient in ushering at the movies too—an accomplishment which might be useful in the future, for rising young journalists and professors frequently find the world cruel and unable to recognize a genius at first sight.

Two of our group, working in an information bureau, learned to answer any question which any person might choose to ask—from "Have you seen a lady in a white dress" to "Where is Borneo?"

There was an unusual opportunity to hear some of the best speakers in the United States and on a variety of subjects. Among them were William Jennings Bryan, many of the Bishops of the Methodist Church, The Hon. J. P. McAdoo and Ex-President Taft.

Undoubtedly the most wonderful part of the Centenary was the pageant "The Wayfarer"—It is said to

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be surpassed only by the "Passion Play", if surpassed by any.

It is impossible to express the value of the Centenary Exposition, but I am sure each visitor realizes that education and Christianization must be carried to every part of the World. America has a good share in the task and we as her citizens must measure up to it and "carry on".—Zerita Schwartz.

WANTED YOUNG WOMEN.

The Young Woman's Christian Association of the Illinois Woman's College offers opportunities for service in the following departments:

Social Service Circle;
World Fellowship Classes;
Social Activities;
Student Volunteer Band.

Happiness and satisfaction guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Unusually attractive and remunerative positions for all.

"The finest membership privilege is the privilege of serving others."

Apply to the Y. W. C. A.

D. C.

If there were two D's at the top of this article you would immediately think you were going to read something about Dorothy Dalton; or if there were two C's you would perhaps think of Charlie Chaplin—but the letters happen to be D. C. (and no, girls they don't stand for Dan Cupid either). They stand for the liveliest, peppiest organization in the Illinois Woman's College, the Dramatic Club!

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Most of the stunts given during the school year are given by the Dramatic Club, and all of the plays are presented by her members.

There are also club meetings, at which very interesting programs are rendered, and these programs are educational, along the line of dramatic art.

The Dramatic Club is the only organization in the Illinois Woman's College which could ever give a Maud Adams to the world—and the only one which would try it—so if you want to be famous, just try out and become a member of the Dramatic Club.

GLEE CLUB.

G stands for Glee Club whose try-out is soon ;

L et us see how you can carry a tune.

E nter the game—for you'll not be alone—

E very girl does it who has a back bone.

"C arry your head high and put out your chest

L oudly with confidence give us your best ;

U nder the Lilacs" or just anything—

B ut tryout for Glee Club and **get in the sing.**

THE CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—

15—A few early birds alight.

16—Girls! Confusion!

17—More girls! More confusion.

18—One begins to recognize every seventh person one meets.

19—The elevator has a spasm between fourth and fifth, Harker.

20—We all go to the Y. W. reception in the gym.

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- 21—Sunday—Speckled with sunshine and shadow. The old girls visit the new. A few of us are homesick.
- 22—Our first holiday—the old girls enjoy themselves and the new girls study.
-

Use Dr. Gym's ATHLETICA.

Guaranteed as a sure cure for Homesickness, Dumps, Newravis and all other Freshman ailments. Accepted as an unqualified success for half a century, and endorsed by such leading men as Dr. Harker, Dr. Miner, Dr. Stanwood, etc.

Those wishing to put themselves under Dr. Gym's care must become owners of tennis racquets and members of some prominent hiking club.

Athletica contains not more than 50% Hiking, and is also composed of Bowling, Skating, Swimming, Volley Ball, Hockey and other healthful ingredients.

A Few Testimonials.

Dr. Gym,
Dear Sir:-

Last year my beauty was greatly diminished by my contracting a dreadful case of the Red Eyes. It became so noticeable that I was ashamed to appear in public. Also began to lose weight from going without food. (I happened to be sitting at Miss Johnston's table and she embarrassed me by thinking I was Homesick.) I used Athletica, and wish to say that as a remedy for Freshman troubles it cannot be equaled. My cure was immediate.

Very truly yours,

A SOPHOMORE.

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Dear Dr. Gym:-

Two years ago, upon my arrival at college, I became so ill with Returnia that the Doctors said there was no hope. By putting myself under your treatment, however, I was speedily restored to health, and I could sing with the rest of 'em the second verse of "Gee! What a College!"

A JUNIOR.

The Athletica Company,
Sirs:-

When I was a Freshman I was taken with such a violent case of Neumoania that Tin Can Alley could not contain my wails. Dr. Gym was immediately called and in a few days all traces of the disease were gone. I now use Athletica constantly, and my health and disposition keep improving.

Very sincerely,

A SENIOR.

My dear Dr. Gym:-

The year before last about ten of us including the Registrar, took Dr. Gym's Basket Ball Tonic, with noticeable results. In case your patients are interested, they may find proof relative to the above statement in the Illiwoco for 1917-18.

The Faculty Members:

Per Miss Neville

Mrs. Colean

Mrs. Hartmann

(The Gingham Squad)

The College Greetings

FORE-IMPRESSIONS.

The Juniors expect great things of Matanzas. They will probably be met at the station by luxurious limousines, and be driven to the rustic cottages down in the grove. Supper of really-hot ham and eggs will be waiting for them, and no doubt will be served on wide verandas (screened) overlooking the lake. There will probably be a gorgeous ball that night to welcome them, and Mr. Starkweather will be the guest of honor. Breakfast may be served either in bed or on the crest of the highest hill, as suits one's inclination. Sunday, of course is the day of rest and gladness—Mr. Starkweather presiding.

Monday the girls will undoubtedly fish and row with masculine aid when needed. Then Monday night they'll come home, "tired but happy," and then—find every Tuesday lesson prepared. Oh, girls, won't it be great!

ART NOTES.

Mrs. Helen Lewis Keyes of Springfield, a fine arts graduate of 1909, was an I. W. C. caller recently.

Merlin Terhune, Fine Arts 1919, is supervising art and music at Junction City, Iowa.

Norma Virgin, Fine Arts, 1909, has been spending the summer at home, in Virginia, Illinois.

Maurine Gifford, 1919, is at her home at Storm Lake, Iowa.

Miss Knopf has two of her most recent pictures "Forest Fantasy" and "Autumn Garden Flowers," on exhibition at the Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of Oil Pointings by American Artists, now being held at the City Art Museum, Forest Park, St. Louis.

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THETA SIGMA SOCIETY.

Margaret Turner, Red Cross Nurse, has been transferred from Fort Sheridan to Cook County Hospital.

Marie Hoag is completing her Junior year at Chicago University.

Florence McCloud, after two years teaching is to complete her work at DePauw.

We are represented at the U. of I. this year by Mary Whiteside, '19, Gladys Corbley ex '20, and Bliss Seymour ex '21.

Kittie Bunting '19 is the Girl's Secretary at the Y. W. C. A. Aurora, Illinois. She has charge of the clubs of High School girls.

Anne Floreth '17 and Marceline Armstrong '18 are ladies of leisure and will be at home this winter.

Alice Birch is teaching in Milton, Illinois.

Helen Pursell is attending Art Institute in Chicago.

Lavina Jones '18 has returned to Illiopolis where she is teaching.

Winifred Sales is teaching in the Waverly Township High School again this year.

Lillian Bollenback is attending Northwestern University.

PHI NU NOTES.

Phi Nu was very sorry to hear that Laila Skinner, our President for 1919-20, would be unable to return this year for her Senior year.

Margaret Scrimger will be married on October 9th to Mr. James Irl Darst of Pana.

Hazel Sheppard one of our girls last year was married during the summer.

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We are glad to have Ruth Harper and Venus Neff at the college again.

Jane Parkinson has just left for a trip through the Eastern states and Canada.

Helen Tombaugh will leave soon with her mother for California where they will spend the winter.

Miss Frances J. Boyd, a former student here was married last July to a prominent young man of Onargo, Illinois, Charles Warnock.

LAMBDA ALPHA MU.

Lambda Alpha Mu is pleased to have seventeen old girls back for the coming year.

Mabel Weiss '19 is spending the winter with her parents at Evansville, Ill.

Louise Reed is teaching English History and Public Speaking at Bixley, Oklahoma.

Cordelia Randolph is principal of the High School at Mansfield, Ill.

Bess Seward is keeping house for her sisters and brothers at Champaign and taking work at the University.

Maurine Gifford '19 is at home at Storm Lake, Ia.

Eva Gertrude Hodgens is to spend the winter in California.

Ruth Kuss is teaching English and Expression at South Bend, Indiana.

Gladys Jaquith is supervisor of domestic science at Greenfield, Illinois.

Viola Iungerich is attending the U. of I.

Helen Benison is attending Northwestern University.

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Evangeline Bishop has a government position in Chicago.

Frances Hinchman is at home with her parents at Wolcott, Indiana.

Bess Springer is studying at I. S. N. U. at Normal, Illinois.

Georgia Flowers expects to be with us later but is detained on account of illness.

Mrs. Paul Spink, formerly Mable Wyatt is living at Terre Haute, Indiana.

BELLES LETTRES.

Vivian Keplinger resigned her position at Wilmington for a position in the High School of her home town, Pontiac. She is the youngest teacher in the High School there.

Margaret Chapman is attending Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington this winter.

Gertrude Wilson is teaching English and History at Mt. Sterling this winter.

Hazel Prutzman is teaching the Seventh Grade in her home town, Milford.

We are sorry to announce the death of Isabelle Woodman's father this summer. But we are glad to have her back this winter.

Lucile Olinger is doing orchestra work in Washington D. C. this winter.

We are glad to have Marian Carter back with us as she was absent at the first of school on account of an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Helen Thomas Watt announces the birth of a son, Robert Thomas, the seventeenth of September.

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We are sorry to announce the deaths of Mrs. Elizabeth Winterbottom of the class of '74 and of Mrs. Baldwin of the class of '76.

Mrs. Ima Berryman Kime is Director of Music in the college at LeMars, Iowa, in which her husband is physical instructor and professor of mathematics.

Geraldine Desmond was prevented from starting in her work at Northwestern this winter by tonsilitis. She will room with her old roommate, Geraldine Bailey.

Joye Webb has accepted a position as teacher in Indiana this winter.

Audra Miller is teaching this winter in her home town, Lebanon, Indiana.

Mrs. Jeanette Hemphill announces the birth of twins, Mary Jeanette and Robert Chester on June 10th.



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MATANZAS.

Announcement Party.

Sunday evening luncheon at the Senior Cottage proved to be one of the most interesting and thrilling events of the Matanzas week-end. The table was decorated most artistically with fall leaves and flowers while small hearts formed the place cards. After an excellently prepared and carefully served repast it was discovered that Miss Anderson's place card was not just like the rest but was attached by a thread—no baby ribbon being available—to a piece of bark which formed part of the table decorations. Everyone, fluttering with excitement, breathlessly watched Miss Anderson examine the bark. Her search was rewarded by finding two small hearts with two initials in each heart. The party, a complete surprise, was the real, honest to goodness, announcement of two seniors' engagements. It was with great pride and joy those luck ones were congratulated and at once parties and showers were discussed and planned. It was suggested by one member of the class that the Seniors were noted for never starting anything they could not carry out on the one hundred per cent. scale and a motion was made that the class take as a motto—"One Hundred per cent. engagements by June." Since all the class are not lucky enough to have prospects in view they wish to enlist the most earnest cooperation from both the faculty and students.

N. L.—"I was born unhappy."

G. G.—"Oh! well, the first hundred years are the hardest, Nell."

F. C.—"You'll be acclimated by that time."

E. H.—"To what?"

F. M.—"To the heat."

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Z. S. "Miriam, what are you doing to your hair?"

M. S. (adjusting curls)—"Well, nature didn't provide me with curly hair so I am just helping out a bit."

M. M.—"That's what you call the 'creative instinct', isn't it?"

2:00 A. M.—

E. H.—"Who is that snoring? I simply can't sleep with such a oise."

F. C.—"That's Miss English in the other room."

E. H. (sighing)—"Oh! dear, I suppose we'll have to let it go then."

ECHOES FROM MATANZAS EATS COMMITTEE.

E. O.—"Does Ruth Harker know anything about cooking?"

N. L.—"I don't know, but she is taking sewing."

E. O.—"Do you suppose Sip and Ruth could make the baked beans?"

W. K.—"Oh, I don't think so. They have to be soaked over night, you know."

E. O.—"I'll just put myself on for that too, then."

Engaged One—"I really don't mind washing dishes a bit."

Ordinary one—"Humph!"

Worth adoption by the Juniors—The Seniors' Matanzas Menu.

JUNIOR REALIZATIONS OF MATANZAS.

At 3:05 Saturday the passengers on the C. P. & St. L. probably thought they were being mobbed but it was

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only the Seniors and Juniors on their way to Matanzas. Everyone was loaded down with baggage and many queer looking packages such as a jar of vinegar, pan of baked beans, etc. The Y. W. was there, as shown by the cakes of Hersheys sold by Frances and of course she was quite in demand. When we arrived in Matanzas, or rather at the box car, part rode over to the cottage on the baggage while the others preferred to work up an appetite. (They learned later that a good appetite "came without calling" so to speak).

We all arrived at Oak Lodge, and then began the process of "settling." After Huldah had carried a huge can of gasoline and one of coal oil in a row boat from the pavilion, and the rest had taken down the beds from the wall, washed the dishes, etc. we had supper down on the lake. Outside a few minor difficulties such as spilling the (no not beans)—pickles this time, we had a supper of baked beans, weenies, pickles, rolls and coffee. My what a relief! No dishes, and then—the dance at the Senior Cottage.

First we roasted marshmallows down by the lake, then went up to the house and danced. As that was rather warm work we all went out on the lake before we went home, tho it had to be done in relays. We had such a good time we all hated to go home but we gradually drifted that way. We settled down to sleep (supposedly) about 1:00 A. M. but no such good luck as everyone, including Miss Compton had the night mare—Oh no! Bun and Peg slept peacefully on thru Miss Compton's moans, Avis' discussion on "the number of calories" etc.

Sunday morning some had a morning dip even tho it was raining. After breakfast all but the cooks went

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out on the lake, then the rest of the day was spent on the lake or wandering in the woods. At night came a serenade, another fire, more boat riding, then bed. This time it was too cold for the night mare and everyone slept peacefully.

Monday morning Sue, woke up to find Bun standing shivering by her bed. Then she rushed to the kitchen and came back with a wafer which, she informed Sue, she was going to eat to get warm enough to light the fire. After a breakfast of pan-cakes there was a grand scattering. We all hated to leave so badly that we were almost late getting our baggage ready. On the train again we entertained the passengers, this time by singing college songs, yells, etc. Ask the Juniors if they had a good time—Would they say no? —M. W. '21.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The College Greetings is running a cover design contest. The rules are as follows:

The design must be twice the size of the present cover of the Greetings, or 19x12½ inches. It must be a good idea, well developed in black (India) ink on white drawing paper. A prize of five dollars is offered for the design accepted as the future cover of the College Greetings. All designs must be in by November 1.

From a letter found in the corridor—"The Juniors and Seniors are going on a camping trip for a week-end, we'll have some peace now."

Freshmen—The Seniors are not the fearful beings they appear to be, neither are they the superior ones they aspire to be. They're just plain girls, about three years older than you are.

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The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

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November



November woods are bare and still,
November woods are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill
The morning snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie down to sleep.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

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No. 2.

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EDITORIAL



Just what does Thanksgiving mean to you? Of course, the holiday will be rather new to you this year. You have probably been hearing about how pretty the dining room is decorated, and what lovely frocks the girls wear, and then about the big hockey game in the afternoon. That day is our Fourth of July and Christmas and Thanksgiving too, at the Woman's College.

But hasn't it more significance than just a holiday? It is a simple thing to consider yourself in the state of being thankful. But this is usually a passive condition rather than active. Of course one must be truly glad before he can express it in deeds.

The word Thanksgiving itself is a key to its meaning. It isn't Thankshaving or Thanksbeing. Does that mean giving thanks only to God on one day in the year? Taken in a broader sense, it signifies giving thanks to all the world all the time. Neither is it necessary for the expression of our gratitude to be always vocal. There are a thousand ways to show thanks in action and in word. It has been well said that "after all, the best Thanksgiving is Thanksgiving."

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“For a’ that and a’ that
It’s comin’ yet for a’ that
When man to man, the world o’er
Shall brothers be for a’ that.”

This bit of verse sounds like the bitterest of satires when read today, but the sincerity of the lines rings true, and it is not at all impossible that their prophecy will be fulfilled. It is simply a thot which has loomed so large that it has obscured the progress of brotherhood

At the present time the black man fights against the white man because one belongs to a down-trodden, uneducated race and the other belongs to an intolerant group which for the time being is on top. And this state of affairs **does** seem farther from the realization of the dream of brotherhood than did the situation some months back, when black and white fought together against practical, economic and spiritual enemies.

Race rioting is the result brought about when many many men do what no single man would stoop to do, and by violence try to correct a mal-adjustment which they know, either by instinct or training, exists.

But that is putting all the blame on the mob, and that is not fair. Every time we shrink mentally and physically from a negro on a crowded street car, every time we with-hold our commendation with the remark, “Oh, it may be all right, but then, he is a nigger, and you know what the’re like,” we are adding our bit of approval to a bloody battle on a city street, in fact we are bringing such a possibility into the realm of the probable.

There do seem to be deep-rooted characteristics which make the distaste for rubbing elbows with the negro more than a matter of ungrounded prejudice, but it isn’t anybody’s fault but our own, and to remedy it

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is not in anybody's power but our own. Race differences are not nearly so marked in their result as differences in environment and education. White men have fallen as low as negroes. There is little choice between one side or the other in the mad scramble after human life, which makes up race rioting. The black man can rise as high as the white. When he has been given education and fairly good inheritance, he has proved his ability.

The race riot is an attempt to solve a problem. The white race has it to solve. And the privilege is theirs to rear a race from impetuous, irresponsible childhood to manhood that is resolute and fine.

—M. S. '20.

THE POETRY OF MOTION?

If dancing is indeed the poetry of motion, we are at a loss to discover just what type of poetry could fairly be compared to **SOME** of the dancing which has appeared at I. W. C. Such vulgarity and cheapness as has appeared in a few cases is hardly worthy of comparison with anything poetical unless it be doggerel or limerick rhymes. It is a pity that our old gym is not lined with mirrors. One glimpse of ourselves as others see us would completely revolutionize our standards of dancing. Few girls are so lacking in artistic appreciation as to prefer cheap, unlovely, slouchy dancing to a statlier, more exquisite style. We have been given a new and splendid privilege in dancing. Can we not use that privilege in the manner in which it was intended, as a beautiful, refined form of entertainment?



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SUNRISE—FROM FIFTH FLOOR HARKER.

The alarm clock under my bed whirred insistently and was only silenced after I had groped around for it for several minutes and pushed the lever to one side. The room was still dark, and it seemed really too early to get up, so I just lay there, seeking an inspiration for my English theme. With my hands clasped behind my head, I stared out the window at the eastern sky.

Just above the flat roofs of main building there was a faint yellow glow, which higher up in the sky deepened into a pale lavender, then into a clear purple. The stars were dimmed to sharp pin-pricks of light, but midway up the sky hung the morning star—a great luminous silver lamp which night left burning to greet the Dawn.

After a few minutes my eyelids drooped, and I dozed off. When I awoke with a start, the square of window was much brighter. The wide stretch of sky was flushed and rosy. Up above the purple had faded to a pallid blue, and the morning star was but a tiny glimmer. Low along the horizon lay long strands of clouds, shading from grey-blue to deep pink. Against the brilliancy of the sky the tall black smoke-stack stood out vividly. As I watched, volumes of smoke boiled out from the top, and drifted like a long, dusky plume against the radiance of the dawn. —A. C., '22.

Unexpected Tests.

I've flunked my English, French and Lab
The girl said with a hiss
I'd like to meet the man that said
That "Ignorance is Bliss."

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A COLLEGE GIRL.

Didn't you admire real college girls when you were in the grades and in high school? You read every story or book you could get hold of about college girls. You collected pictures of college girls. You wanted to be like her. Here's your chance to be your own ideal.

I wonder what made her your ideal. She was dressed very simply, but always neatly and appropriately. Yes, that was one thing you noticed about her so that must be important.

Then there was that smile. You can't describe it, but it was a happy, contented smile. Doesn't happiness seem to be the very thing behind the smile? She delighted in everything; was just overflowing with pep and enthusiasm. If she didn't feel just as peppy today as she did yesterday she didn't tell it and make others feel the same, but tried to forget it and by tomorrow she had forgotten it.

She put her whole self into a game of tennis,— or a Y. W. meeting. You surely remember how you admired her for standing up for principle and for her religion.

Wasn't your college girl in the story a student too? There was certainly knowledge behind that smile. That was one thing which gave her the poise you so longed for. Why, really, she could have been introduced to the President of the U. S. and would have said just the right thing at the right time. She must have put energy into her studies as well as that tennis game, hike club, or hockey.

Don't you remember how she was always ready to do anything outside of the regular routine for someone else? She didn't begrudge the time she spent doing that. She thoroughly enjoyed it.

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Your ideal college girl wasn't content to have her friends from one group only and to scarcely look at others. She had friends of every type. She chose her chums carefully, looking at the deeper side of their character as well as the gay side. That was really the cause of her lasting, helpful friendships. She was a true friend and in turn had true friends. Her motto was: "The only way to have a friend, is to be one."

Your college girl had not always been as ideal as she was when you knew her admirable qualities. She did this mostly in college, where she had the desirable environment and best chance.

Opportunity is knocking and it's up to you to say "Come."
—M. K., '21.

To all the college activities which help to make I. W. C. what it is, the old girls welcome the new ones. Every organization in school needs the enthusiasm, the new ideas, the inspiration that you can give it. You can help us immeasurably if you will take hold in earnest and make things move. Incidentally we can help you, too. We can, by entrusting you with duties to perform, develop what possibilities of leadership you may possess. We can show you how to work quickly, cheerfully, efficiently with others. We can give you our vision of the things that are to be done.

Of all student organizations, the Student's Association comes first. To it we owe much of the freedom which we have. It earnestly strives to uphold the standards of the school and to raise the standards of individual action. It also initiates stunts, parties and picnics which provide for the recreation and entertainment of every student. It is deserving of all our loyalty and support.

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In the Y. W. C. A. is perhaps the biggest field for all talents and interests. In its devotional meetings, its social service committees, its sales and drives, its social activities you will surely find a place for your particular powers.

Of the many joys which college offers, those promised by the Athletic Association are perhaps the greatest. You already know the delights of hockey, tennis, volley-ball, and hiking and you remember the good time you had at the Association party. Not until the end of the year, however, when you receive your arm band and numeral, will you experience the thrill of pride that comes from good service well rewarded.

Our college paper, too, needs your encouragement and co-operation more than you realize. Without your help it can never be the spicy, interesting sheet that a college paper ought to be.

The literary societies have a large part in our life. There is offered an opportunity for independent study of literature, the stage, music, modern social problems, and other interesting topics. In the weekly discussion of matters of current interest the members are given an opportunity to display their literary and musical talents. There, too, social grace and a spirit of leadership are developed as a direct consequence of close companionship with other girls. Unfortunately there are only four societies and their membership is limited.

Two college organizations which furnish entertainment both for those in them and for those outside are the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club. No matter how little talent you may possess along these lines, you must not miss the fun of the try-outs. And there is a great probability that if you try you will succeed.

Freshmen, consider these organizations yours to broaden and strengthen. We do not expect everyone

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of you to be actively interested in every organization. We expect you only to enter those for which you are particularly fitted and to do your part eagerly to make them better. If you are doing your best just in your own little corner, you will be furthering the best interests of the college. —E. B., '22.

**Everybody, everybody, everybody members
Everybody, everybody, everybody members
Everybody, everybody, everybody members
of the Camera Club.**

That last line is but an alteration, you see, of those old familiar lines, which always mean that it is time for action upon something important. This time, that something important is the Illiwoco.

Everything is progressing nicely. Arrangements are made to sign a lump rate contract with Hammer-smith-Kortmeier of Milwaukee early in November. Subscriptions are coming in rapidly. The only thing that does not come up to our expectations is the rate at which pictures are coming in. You know, pictures make an annual, and unless you hand in pictures of those whose faces you wish to have with you in later years, it is very likely that no one will. Don't take this as idle talk and say "Oh, everyone else will hand in pictures, there's no need of my doing it." If you don't own a camera, beg, borrow or steal one. You can get films at Armstrong's and need not even go on the square for them. Don't excuse yourself by saying you haven't time to dress to go to town, but start in right now and take on the average of a picture a week or a day if you have the necessary funds. If everyone would do this, there would be no doubt as to the success of our annual. —M. D. '21.

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FOUNDERS' DAY.

Illinois Woman's College, Oct. 17, 1919.

Organ Solo—"Vision" Bibl

Director Henry Ward Pearson

"Star Spangled Banner"—No. 277

The Doxology, Creed, Gloria.

Scripture Selections.

Hymn, "Faith of our Fathers", No. 117.

Prayer.

Vocal Solo—"Ave Maria" Gounod

Miss Rena Lazelle

(Accompanied by Miss Robinson, Piano; Miss Moore, Violin; Mr. Pearson, Organ).

Founders' Day Address—Rev. E. L. Pletcher, Supt. of Jacksonville District

Historical Paper—"President Jacquess, the first President of the College, and his eminent service in the Civil War." Mrs. Belle Short Lambert, '73

Brief Address—President Harker.

The College Song.

Founders' Day, a day set apart annually to commemorate the founding of Illinois Woman's College, was celebrated Friday, October 17th, the service being held in Music Hall at 10:30 A. M. In the evening the initial Organ Recital of Mr. Henry Ward Pearson was given in Music Hall.

The morning service was opened by the singing of "Ave Maria" (Bach-Gounod) by Miss Lazelle, accompanied by Miss Robinson at the piano, Mr. Pearson at the organ, and Miss Moore with the violin. The address of the morning was delivered by Rev. Pletcher, Superintendent of the Jacksonville District. Mrs. Belle Short Lambert, an alumna of Illinois Woman's

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College and daughter of a former President of the College, read an interesting paper dealing with Col. Jacquess, the first President of Illinois Woman's College and leader of the famous "Preacher's Regiment in the Civil War."

Dr. Pletcher said that the founding of Illinois Woman's College was in reality the launching of an idea in the right place and at the right time. This idea had had first the vitality to overcome its vicissitudes; second, adaptability to adjust itself to changing conditions; and third, the beauty of growth, that of college life and principles.

Mrs. Lambert's paper concerned itself chiefly with a secret mission of Colonel Jacques during the Civil War. Few in this vicinity ever realized the part this indomitable and courageous "preacher" played in the affairs of the Union, and that as a result of his mission to Jefferson Davis, peace between the North and the South came about much more rapidly than it would have, if not as a direct outcome of his visit.

The Organ Recital in the evening was well attended. Mr. Pearson gave an enjoyable and well selected program, entirely modern with the exception of one Handel number. He displayed both brilliancy and force throughout his program, yet his playing did not lack the softer tonal qualities.

At noon a picnic luncheon was served in the Domestic Science kitchen to the friends and patrons of the college, as well as the Faculty and Students. Here cinnamon rolls were the special feature.

Most of the students spent the afternoon at a football game at Illinois College, which took place between that College and Normal. —Vera Wardner, '21.

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THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE GOALS.

In 1900 the college had an appraised valuation of \$100,000. It set a goal of \$150,000 more and reached that goal of a quarter of a million by 1906.

In 1906 it set its goal for half a million, and reached that goal by 1913.

In 1913, it set its goal for \$600,000, and reached it by 1916.

In 1917 it set its goal for one million. It has now, 1919, reached the \$700,000 mark.

And now, on Founders' Day, 1919, the college lifts up its eyes to the hills, from whence its help comes, and in the light of its past history, full of devoted service and sacrifice, of its present high standards, its nation-wide reputation, and its unparalleled opportunity, trusting in God for guidance and direction, and in its thousands of friends for continued and increasing support, we set our goal at a total valuation of

TWO MILLION DOLLARS, (\$2,000,000)

one million, two hundred fifty thousand (1,250,000) for endowment, and seven hundred fifty thousand (\$750,000) for buildings and equipment.

And until we reach this goal, we need, and will set ourselves to secure, in gifts for current support, from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year.

I summon trustees, faculty, students and friends to a steady forward march to this new goal of

TWO MILLION DOLLARS, (\$2,000,000).

It can be reached by the eightieth anniversary of the college in 1926.

JOSEPH R. HARKER.

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Some of Us.

Hazel Belle Kinnear, Rushville, Illinois to Mr. Guy Benjamin Reno on the second of September. They will be at home in Rockford, Illinois after October first.

Vera Margaret Tomlin, Springfield, Illinois to Mr. Burl Albert Swope. August twenty-first.

Agnes Rogerson, Jacksonville, Illinois to Mr. Eugene B. Harlow. September third. At home, Kingman, Kansas.

Florence Taggart, South Bend, Indiana to Mr. Lowell McKinley Roase. The twenty-fourth of June. At home, Nappanee, Indiana.

Thiel Kretchmer, Council Bluffs, Iowa to Ralph E. Peterson. September twentieth.

The Rest of Us.

Dorothy Pinkston is teaching Home Economics at Pawnee.

Marie Towle is teaching art at LaFayette, Indiana.

Margaret Pires is teaching Home Economics and coaching the basket ball team at Clarim, Iowa.

Lora Whitehead is teaching in Waverly.

Marceline Armstrong is acting as her father's secretary in Jacksonville.

Vivian Keplinger is teaching English in Pontiac.

Katherine Madden is teaching mathematics in Pekin.

Lavina Jones is teaching English and Public Speaking at Illiopolis.

Lillian Clearwater is teaching English.

Lois Bruner has a position in a music store in Rock Island.

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Olive Gerrick is teaching Domestic Science and commercial work in Williamsport, West Virginia.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

The freshmen have chosen the following leaders for this semester:

Marguerite Wills—Chairman.

Genevieve Coatz—Secretary.

Hazel Logan—Treasurer.

Lucille Kirby—Yell leader.

Julia Pitkin—Representative on the Athletic Staff.

Sophomore-Freshman Frolic.

The Sophomores and Freshmen met on the south campus Saturday evening, October fourth, for a jolly, get-acquainted time. Popping corn and roasting marshmallows around a big bonfire made up the refreshment feature of the early evening, after which a Chautauqua program, with a comb orchestra and numerous other splendid numbers, was given in the gym.

The Freshmen surprised the Sophs with new songs and yells. They have the true class spirit and are showing that they are a class with the right kind of pep.

DO WE?

Freshmen, they say we surprised them Saturday night with all our songs and regular yells. If we surprised them Saturday night who has a name for what we'll do when we once get started? Believe you us, we are on our toes,—“an' that ain't all,” we're going to keep things moving! We have the goods, so everyone get in step, pull together, and we will convince our upper-classmen that we can keep up the old time spirit, even after they leave. Let's go, Freshmen!

—M. W., '23.

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MUSIC NOTES

An Artists' Course has been secured for the college. During the winter three programs will be given. The artists who will be here are: Joseph Bonnet, French organist who is considered the world's greatest organist; the Zoellner String Quartette, the successors of the famous Kneisel Quartette, and Frances Ingram, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

Madrigal Club has organized for it's winter's work with plans for several concerts during the year.

The Glee Club has had two important meetings and will be heard from later, both as to programs and try-outs.

ART NOTES.

Helen Ost, Fine Arts '17, is in New York City studying at the Art Student's League.

Emma Scott Jennings, a Fine Arts Graduate visited the studio recently.

Marie L. Towle reports her work at Lafayette, where she is Supervising Art, in the grades as very interesting.

An article like the following, from the Notes on "Art and Artists" in the St. Louis Globe Democrat of Sunday, October 12, brings to us a realization that we have in our midst people who are doing great things and who are bringing glory and honor to our college.

"Last Sunday there were among the throngs in the galleries several out-of-town guests who came to St. Louis for the express purpose of seeing the Fourteenth Annual Exhibition. Two of them were women whose pictures passed the jury of selection. They were Ger-

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trude J. Barnes of Minneapolis and Nellie A. Knopf of Chicago and Jacksonville, whose still life compositions may be seen flanking the big portrait of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore by Sargent in gallery No. 31. Although this was their first visit to St. Louis, they were no strangers to the art lovers of St. Louis. Last year we commented with enthusiasm on Miss Knopf's "A September Morning on the Beach" and two years ago she was represented by three pictures, two portraying that fascinating region where sea and land meet, the third a study of a wood interior in the pine forest. This year she brings us a group of remarkably painted zinnias and a more complex theme entitled "Forest Fantasy." Mrs. Barnes was with us two years ago with one of her favorite still-life compositions, a big bowl of roses. It is not for us to throw boquets at ourselves, not even the beautiful bouquets these two artists know so well how to paint. Still, we did feel like stroking ourselves when they finished their expressions of delight with our museum. Why is it that strangers are always so astonished to find that we actually have one of the great museums of the country? Is it because the newspapers say so little about it?"

EXPRESSION.

There are thirty-two students enrolled in the Expression Department this year. Under the direction of Miss McCammon, a graduate of the Leland Powers school in Boston, assisted by Miss Powell, they have started on a very promising year.

We are very glad to have Miss McCammon and Miss Powell to instruct us during this school term.

The first recital was held in Expression Hall Oct. 24th.

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BELLES LETTRES.

We are glad to have Irene McCullough with us this year.

Marjorie Taylor and Helen Poole enjoyed the past week-end at Marjorie's home in Ashland.

Mildred Funk spent the past week-end at her home in Winchester.

We were glad to have Lois Coultas with us the past week-end.

Hazel Earl ex '21 is teaching in her home town Watseka, Illinois.

Lelia Broadwell ex '21 is at the University of Illinois again this year.

Florence Cranston graduated from the University of Denver, June 1918. For two years she has been organist in one of the large churches in Denver. She is now at home making preparations to be married in April to Mr. George Wilkins, Jr., of San Diego, Cal.

THETA SIGMA.

Edith Pratt has a position this year with the Adjusting Bureau, of Marshall Fiels, Chicago.

Alice Haines who is teaching in Mansfield, Illinois was a week-end visitor.

Anne Floreth is filling the position of Executive Secretary of the Morgan County Anti-Tuberculosis League.

Ferne Haviland is attending the University of Chicago.

Grace Gerard one of our last year's girls is attending the University of Illinois.

Frances Meade and Wesley Rehn were married Oct. 15th.

Helena Betcher, Dorothy Gower and Helen Chiles

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were taken into full membership of Theta Sigma Society, October 14th.

Invitations have been received for the wedding of Edna Robb, '16 and James Sykes on Oct. 29. They will live at American Falls, Idaho.

LAMBDA ALPHA MU.

Cordelia Randolph, who is principal of the High School at Mansfield, Ill. spent the week end here.

Bess Seward is doing graduate work at University of Illinois. We were glad to have Bess with us for the week end of October 11th.

Gladys Jaquith, who is supervisor of domestic science at Greenfield, Ill. was a recent visitor at the college.

The subject of "Reconstruction" is being studied this year.

PHI NU NOTES.

We are glad to welcome, as new members of the society, Marguerite Wills and Margaret Ten Eyck.

Helen Tombaugh spent the week-end of September twenty-seventh with Anne McKinney.

Lora Whitehead and Edith Kensel are teaching in Waverly again this year.

Geraldine Bailey is ill at her home in Table Grove.

There is a possibility that Laila Skinner will return in February.

Lucile Sudduth of Oakland spent the week-end of October eighteenth at the college.

Magdalen Mershon, ex '20, has returned to Boston, where she will finish her expression work this year at Leland Powers.

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We are glad to have Beulah McMurphy at the college again.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rotruck are living in Delphi, Indiana.

THE NEW JUNIOR SONG.



A Junior came to I. W. C.
And first she joined the "Y".
She patronized the evening sales
And bought their chocolate pie;
She tried out for Dramatic Club
She signed up for "The Greetings"
Observed all study hour rules
And went to all class meetings.

CHORUS.

Because she was a Junior girl
Because she made a hit
Because she studied like the deuce
And never flunked a bit—
Because she entered everything
Put lot of "pep" into it
She was the ideal college girl
And everybody knew it.

In bloomers, if you chance to see
This Junior in the hall
You know that she is going for
A game of Basket Ball;
And if she burns her lights too late,
Will she be scolded? Oh, no—
She's only working awful hard
Upon the Illiwoco. —V. W., '21.

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AS YOU LIKE IT—OR NOT.

The purpose of this page is to make a place where every reader of the Greetings, whether she be student or faculty member, or any other person, may express her feeling and ideas on any subject of current interest at the college. It is hoped that this page may contain individual opinions rather than the reflected judgment of the college group.

Many ideas which at present are only expressed orally and heard only by a few, may "ripen" and bring about much benefit if printed in the paper so that all may read and consider them. Quite frequently someone has a comment to make on some subject of general college interest, and because it does not concern any one organization exclusively, the person feels at a loss as to how to proceed in the agitation of the matter. Because of this difficulty she never goes to the trouble of pressing the suggestion. Obviously this page can do away with this difficulty.

Now we want this page to be an all college organ, and so, to everybody we say, when you get to talking about anything, prepare to write in the Greetings about it,—as you like it, or as you do not like it.

Communications for this department are to be marked for the "As you Like It—Or Not" page and dropped into the Greetings Box by the fifteenth of the month. For the convenience of the editor, each article must be signed with the full name, which may be omitted by request, from the printed article.

To the Editor of the Greetings:-

An organization of women have started a "Stand-Up-Straight Campaign" in one of the Universities. Why shouldn't we have a "Stand-up-Straight and Sit-up

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Straight Campaign" in our own College? Let the Greetings start a movement on behalf of the vertical position in standing! Then combine with this an attempt at a properly upright position when seated, in chapel, in class and particularly in the dining room. The question-mark is more properly adopted for one's mental attitude than for the physical. —M. J.

To the Editor of the Greetings:-

The faculty were (as usual) entirely justified in their criticism of our dancing on the night of the Athletic Association party. Some of our gyrations were undeniably vulgar. In our enthusiasm over the art we made it into a caricature. We hope the faculty will understand that it was not inherent coarseness, but the effervescence of spirits that resulted from the novelty of the sport. It would be easy to turn this fresh enthusiasm into a harmless channel by starting a class in social dancing. There are few of us who know a great variety of steps and there is no one who would not be glad to learn more. Surely practicing new and intricate steps would leave us little time and energy for distorted, serpentine effects. —B. B.

To the Editor of the Greetings:

Some time ago the student body was informed that the Y. W. was losing money on the chocolate bars for sale in the Y. W. room. There may have been several reasons for this. Perchance some persons wanted the chocolate but had not the money at that time and forgot to pay later on; or some might not have noticed the statement of the price; again they might have neglected to put in any money at all. Whatever the trouble was, it was serious enough to be made public.

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For justification the student body asked for another chance which was gladly granted. The result was gratifying. For the first time since the first week of school we came out even. But have you thought what this proves? Never mind, the past will be forgotten—attend to the present and its demands—let the future take care of itself. —M. F. C.

THE CALENDAR.

September.

- 23—Everybody studies.
- 24—The first Dean's talk. We learn that we must sweep under our beds.
- 25—The Home Economic girls have a weiner roast out at Nichols Park. More fun!
- 26—Shivers and sweaters. Mr. Ham rushes from one radiator to another.
- 27—Mrs. Hartmann visits chapel.
- 28—The new girls visit the old girls in the evening.
- 29—Blue Monday. More homesickness.
- 30—THE DAY. New regulations concerning dancing is read in chapel. Great rejoicing in camp. There's music in the air.

October.

- 1—Thermometer goes up. Ehnies and Batz do a rushing business.
- 2—Mr. and Mrs. McGuiff sing in morning chapel. Their program is very much appreciated.
- 3—Illinois wins victory over Lombard. A horde of wild Indians descended upon our secluded halls of learning. Their program is NOT fully appreciated. Much noise and a great waste of paper.
- 8—After feverish preparation, the Juniors and Seniors leave for Matanzas. Meanwhile the Sophs

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- discover how peppy are the Freshman at the "Campus Frolic."
- 5—How we miss our upper classmen! By way of compensation, we have cinnamon rolls for breakfast.
- 6—Juniors and Seniors returned—sunburned and jubilant.
- 7—Nothing happens all day.
- 8—The gym seems unusually popular— especially after dinner.
- 9—The Seniors are instructed to watch fondly over the rest of us at dinner. First dining room sing.
- 10—"Ugh! Why don't we have heat on the west side of Harker? Does the l'il Brown Book forbid it?"
- 11—Freshman are initiated thru sacred rites to our Woman's College. Bare feet, beans, garlic and a program dance.
- 12—The rush is on, oh foolish freshmen.
- 13—"Let's see, now only nine weeks and three days until Christmas vacation. Oh, boy!"
- 14—It's a busy day. Still, Vinita finds time to visit the dressmaker.
- 15—"Oh, are you going out for hockey? Well, tell 'em to wait, and I'll be there in a minute."
- 16—To Mary Miles Minter or to the church social? Woman's College is unusually tranquil in the evening.
- 17—Founder's Day and cinnamon rolls. Ain't that a heavenly combination?
- 18—Phi Nu entertained several of the new girls at the Hoppodrome.
- 19—Madras College Day in Y. W. We receive interesting information regarding the India Building at Columbus.

The College Greetings

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CANDLE NIGHT.

Let us light our candles white
Let them shine like stars at night
Helping those who need our cheer
That they may feel with New Year
The joy of hearts with rapture filled
With Peace on Earth and His good will.

Let us fill our hearts this night
With a love both pure and bright,
For Alma Mater true
For our school friends old and new.
Let this love and light shine far
Like the guiding Christmas star.

Let us sing our praises here
Rouse our spirits to festal cheer.
Rejoice and greet this Christmas Day
Holding our light with its shining ray,
To guide the wandered in the right;
Pledging ourselves this "Candle Night."

So we pledge ourselves tonight
As we all our candles light
That on each successive Yule
We, as candles from our school
Shall cast a light for those we guide
Spreading the spirit of Christmas-tide.

—(Song to be used in Christmas Y. W. C. A. Service)



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A Christmas Dream



I was sitting at home one evening, thinking of home and what Christmas would mean to us this year. Our little family group would all be there save one who had left us during the war. As I sat there thinking I became sleepy and soon closed my tired eyes. Almost instantly there appeared before me a beautiful fairy. Not the usual light, fluffy kind but a little dark elf-like creature in a velvety robe of rich red. Her dark hair hung in curls about her tiny head. Her eyes were large and black, just now shining with excitement. I sat and stared. Just to look at her caused all my unhappy feelings to vanish.

"Oh," she whispered softly, "Won't you come with me and see our Christmas preparations for the grls at I. W. C.?" I started forward eagerly but then fell back sadly.

"I—I can't because it is impossible for me to fly away as you can." She threw back her head and laughed, oh such a tinkling little laugh. Almost instantly I felt myself reducing in size. I looked into my mirror and hardly recognized the tiny little creature as myself. Hand in hand we ran out to the hockey grounds where stood a tiny little aeroplane. We climbed in and away we went, high up into the air. We rode for thousands of miles until we came to a tall white pole of beautifully colored ice. On the top was a big sign saying—"North Pole."

"Here's where we land", said the little fairy.

I wasn't cold when we got out but everything looked like one big refrigerator, all illuminated with wonderful lights. I began to think I was in Heaven but I

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saw a little seal running a 'Life or Death' race with a big bear, so I was immediately assured that I was still in the earthly kingdom of strife.

We donned skees and covered the long drifted roads very quickly. At last we reached a vast clearing, where stood a large residence lighted from attic to cellar. It seemed to be a part of a large factory.

The door opened immediately for us and we were met by what seemed like thousands of little maid fairies and elves. At the end of the hall and in the center of a group of elves, was a little fat, jolly-faced man. He was dressed in red with white fur trimmings. One glance told me who it was.

"Santa Claus", I cried in my excitement. How wonderful it was to meet the man whom I had begun to consider as only a myth. All of my childhood came back in a rush. He was true.

I turned and there was jolly Mrs. Santa Claus sewing on rag dolls. She smiled at me and asked if I remembered the little rag doll she had sent me one Christmas when I was very small. How clear it was to me, a big beautiful doll and a tiny rag one. The big beauty soon lost her charm but the little one always remained dear to me.

She suggested that we have dinner before exploring I. W. C. Toyland. On account of our twenty course dinner of turkey and all of its trimmings it would require too much space in this narrative but I must mention the big fat "Cinnamon Rolls" and coffee. Mrs. Santa said she gave Miss Wackerle the recipe one Christmas. I thanked her with all my heart for the I. W. C. girls.

At last dinner was over and here came my fairy with her bunch of keys. We went thru hall after hall and thru rooms of beautiful gifts and toys of every de-

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scription, until we came to a room set apart from the rest. The door was opened and I just stood and held my breath. It was of a brilliant, dazzling green hue, quite in accord with the holly and evergreen which was hung in festoons over the walls and windows. We had entered the department for Freshies. The table I noticed first had little rubber-balls, rag-dolls and a few dunce caps, for play of course. The next table had rattlers, little bells, toy animals and picture books. At the rear end of the room was an exceptionally large table. This held perambulators, sulkies, feet-walkers and other means of transportation for Freshmen.

It was with great reluctance that we left this room for that of the Sophomores. This room was not of such a bright green but was about a shade lighter than that of the Freshmen. A Sophomore is only a Freshmen once removed. The gifts in this department were of course for older children. I noticed gayly decked hobby horses and "ponies" of different types. There were jumping ropes, dishes, doll houses and cunning little bisque dolls. Mrs. Santa Claus remarked that they might have the better dolls because they would not be so apt to break them. The most interesting things I noticed, however, were little toy banks with "Set an example" printed upon them. We were now rushed on again for we were becoming quite infatuated with the toys and were in no hurry to leave.

Across the next hall was a large, heavily barred door. I sighed, for I thought we could not get in, but just a slight tap on the little iron piece, projecting from the wall, caused the door to swing open. This room seemed quite different from the others and assumed quite a dignified air. The books I picked up first were quite credible. As I remember there was "Dana Dean" and "Mary Ann's First Beau." The next table held all

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books from "Jack and The Bean Stalk" to "Beauty Secrets". Around on the floors were fashion plates and little fashionably dressed kewpies. The Juniors would be insulted with plain dolls, suggested Mrs. Santa Claus, but of course kewpies are different. We had to move on for time was passing quickly.

The next room was tinted a delicate green. It was much smaller than any of the other rooms and there were no toys in sight. I thought that the poor Seniors must surely have been forgotten—but all at once three merry little elves bowed us through curtained doors into an immense room. I had no more than entered until my eyes were blinded by a glaring light. Santa Clause handed me a pair of green glasses to wear and in a few minutes I could look about, almost in comfort. There on the center table was a great display of rings. Each was set with a great white "cut glass" stone. A small table beside it held bunches of cards. The top one read "100 per cent. by Christmas." The next read "Engaged". Are they for private study hours or an advertisement when attached to the doors?

The sparkling of the diamonds seemed even to overcome Mrs. Santa, so after showing us a big book case of "Dream Books", "Fortunes told Truthfully", "How to write Love Letters" etc. we left for the Fireside Chat-ter on Christmas Trees where we remained until my fairy had to return home. Then we bundled up and told Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus "good-bye" quite reluctantly. Oh, how we had enjoyed ourselves.

Soon we were again in our snug little airship and flying homeward. All at once the engine stopped and we fell—fell and thud! I woke up with a start for my head had bumped upon the window sill. How sad! It had all been a Dream.

—Edna Peters, '23.

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Jacksonville, Ill., Dec., 1919

No. 3.

Editor-in-Chief	Esther Hetherlin
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Assistant Editors	Cora Cherry, Ada Clotfelter
Art Editor	Florence Collins
Business Manager	Blanche Seaman
Assistant Managers	Margaret Watson, Betty Bacon
Faculty Adviser	Miss Mary Anderson

EDITORIAL



Yule-tide again! The gay shop windows down town, the dropped remark of a little lad, "Santa'll bring me one like that!" the blessed, lovely spirit of our own carols as we sing them at chapel time, all breathe a message of "Peace on earth, good will to men!" How many a Christmas it has been since we have felt as free, as happy as we do this Christmas-tide. There is more of the Christ-birth spirit in the air, for war is over, and those who are hopeful see a happy end to the world tragedy of the past years. Somehow we feel that there is a sort of new beginning in this Christmas. Our ideas of gift-giving have extended from immediate friends to take in more of humanity. Many a present this year will go to starving Europe in food and clothing. Our losses thru war and disease have bound up our sympathies with big charitable organizations like the Red Cross, which alleviate the suffering of those deeper in the sorrow and pain of the world than we have ever been. In gifts we live out the example of Christ's life. We shall enjoy to the full the rich promise, the deep thankfulness, and the bright hope of this near-peace time Christmas.

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Verily, verily I say unto you that clothes maketh the man. Do you believe it? Perhaps you do. Probably you do not but at any rate if you find the **Greetings** unusually interesting or attractive this month it is all because it is trying very hard to live up to its new cover design which was designed and presented to the **Greetings** as a Christmas gift by one of our Sophomores, Harriet Etnyre. It is a beautiful gift and one which every subscriber must appreciate so we will ask you all to join with the staff in a hearty thank you for the spirit of helpful cooperation in supplying this all too evident need, as well as for the design itself which is all that can be desired in neatness and effectiveness.

* * * * *

There is nothing that is quite so refreshing to a tired mind as to pick up a good magazine and read. Current topics of the day, a good story, or a little humor, combine to freshen our spirits and to give us a broader outlook. The Greetings Staff of last year decided that the addition of a few magazines on the library shelf would create an increased interest in reading, and so have placed there "The Dial", "The Bookman", "Life" and "The Saturday Evening Post." We hope everyone will enjoy these and that the choice meets with your approval.

* * * * *

We are glad to announce the election of an Art Editor, Miss Florence Collins, who fills the vacancy made when Miss Parkison did not return this year. The Greetings staff welcomes its new member, and we all expect mutual help in our work together.



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A NEW ENGLAND BELL RINGER.

Tucked away in a corner of little old New England there stands a tiny church in whose tower are chimes which cost someone so much trouble to bring from "Merrie England" in "ye good old days." Tradition says that on a certain Christmas Eve when the bells were rung the rope broke and when the bell ringer climbed into the tower to fix it he discovered on the main bell of the group an almost effaced inscription:

He who rings these bells in need,
Shall wake to find supplied his mede
But he who lays on tainted hand
Shall be accursed throughout the land.

And on the following morning there was returned to him a sum of money which had been stolen from him.

Uncle Jo Ellerslie walking along briskly for all his seventy years, was the great grandson of that first Josiah Ellerslie who had read the inscription on the bells which were now so old that they were rung only on Christmas and New Year's eve, and with the ringing of the bells on this night he wondered if the old legend would prove a charm for him. Each year someone came to the church asking for a chance to ring the bells just once, and Uncle Jo had more than once been begged not to tell of certain Christmas Eve visits to the church for fear their missions would not turn out in accordance with prophecy.

The snow was crisp and crunchy under foot; in the windows of the nearby houses there were hung wreaths and bells, and through one could be seen a tree as yet bare but holding out its branches for the tinsel ornaments, cranberries and popcorn that they would soon hold.

The old man chuckled as he thought of a remark made by his own small grandson that afternoon.

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"Granddaddy, won't we have to let the fire go out so's you can get down the chimley?"

"Yes we will, we will just have to do that," he had answered.

Big soft flakes began to fall and the moonlight on the already white ground sent back a glistening sparkle from its surface. Lights twinkled from windows all up and down the street and across the commons shone the light of a not far distant farm house. A door slammed down the street and as the old man came near the house a man sweeping the front walk looked up and then quickly turning his back on the approaching man began to sweep the steps vigorously.

"Christmas Greetings, Dave", said Uncle Jo cheerily.

No answer. He passed on though his steps seemed to lose a little of its quickness and he walked more thoughtfully. So it was still to continue as it had for the past year when at every meeting of the two Uncle Jo Ellerslie, the older brother, had spoken cheerfully and heartily and had been greeted by a determinedly freezing silence. It had been a silly quarrel but no effort on the older man's part seemed to count and the confidence that Dave would finally quit his sulking and give in as he had, when a little boy, had given way to bitterness that he might have at least made their Christmas time happy.

There's a song in the air

There's a star in the sky.

sounded out as Uncle Jo neared a corner where a group of young people were coming from the direction of the mill pond with their skates over their shoulders. Most of them, he had trundled on his knees in days past and now they called out various greetings to him.

The program at the church had been over a good

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two hours as he was going back to the church to ring the Christmas chimes. Out side the air was cold and clear as crystal. The stars snapped out their brightness from the dark sky. The snow that had fallen had covered up the tracks of the early evening and now its surface was unbroken except by the straight line of big prints behind Uncle Jo. In several houses there were lights showing through the shutters, evidences of a few last touches being put on stockings and trees.

He entered the silent vestry and found in the far corner the ropes of chimes, unwound them deliberately, then looked at his watch by the shaft of moonlight which slanted through the window. It was but a minute of twelve and as he looked up at the bright star overhead he repeated the old rhyme,

He who rings these bells in need,
Shall wake to find supplied his mede
But he who lays on tainted hand,
Shall be accursed throughout the land.

Then there rang out over the sleeping town the sweet Christmas chimes—

“Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled.”

The last sound was gone and the old man put up the ropes and locked the panel doors on them, then pulling on his big gloves opened the door and half smiling looked out over the quiet houses of the little town where he had spent his life and standing on the steps said out loud as he did every year,

“Peace on earth and good will and a Merry Christmas to all of you.”

“Merry Christmas, Jo” came a voice from the walk

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below, and Uncle Jo looked down at the ruddy cheeks of his younger brother.

"Merry Christmas, Davie" and with one impulse their hands went to each other's shoulders as they swung off down the path together.

—M. E. B.

SENIOR RECOGNITION.

At an impressive chapel service on Wednesday, November 12, the Senior Class, attended by the Sophomores, preceded by the faculty, were for the first time recognized as candidates for degrees, and also for the first time appeared in their caps and gowns. After a solo by Mrs. Hartmann, Dr. Harker spoke very simply and very intimately to the class. He commented upon a report on "Why College Women Fail", saying that they do not fail in usual lines of work. He explained that the only thing he would wish to say of his Seniors was, "Here is our contribution to the service of the world."

The Advisory Council, a committee formed of the presidents of the various organizations of the college, editors and business managers of The College Greetings and Illiwoco, and class and organization advisers, for the purpose of recommending measures for student consideration and discussing all-college problems, met in the social room Friday evening, Nov. 21. The body is a permanent continuance of the committee which was called last spring as new organization officers went into office, and meets the first Friday of each month. The Student President, Miss Sipfle, is chairman of this committee, the duties of which are merely advisory, and not executive or legislative. The business taken up at the last meeting chiefly concerned the new breakfast plan which has recently been adopted.

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The fact that Thursday, November 13, was Sophomore Day was easily made manifest. Instead of the usual rising bell the Sophomores paraded the corridors and awakened everybody with singing and cheering. In chapel they expressed their loyalty to and love for their Alma Mater in a very novel way, presenting Dr. Harker with a toy bank containing their contribution to the usual deficit found in the funds of any college which gives more to its students than they pay for. After dinner a stunt entitled "Income's College" or "Knight Harker and the Ghost Deficit" carried out the idea of the Sophomore's readiness to help make funds balance. The toy bank is to be left in a conspicuous place in the front hall and all are invited to contribute.

FACULTY PROVERBS.

Dost thou see a girl who studies outside the assignment? She shall stand in honor among the great.

Dishonor for the bluffer and fat, black zeros for the lazy.

She that loveth criticism, loveth knowledge;

But she that withstandeth reproof is heir to a fool's cap.

She that quoteth the text glibly is not necessarily brilliant;

Nor is she that would reserve her opinion for further study, necessarily dull.

There are three things that are hateful to me,

Yea four, that I know well and hate:

The stealthy retreat to a back seat to hide behind one's neighbor;

Debate that endeavors to be long to postpone the evil hours of recitation;

The foolish wagging of heads to impress the teacher with one's wisdom;

The attempt by cribbing and unacknowledged quotations, to steal a reputation.

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November 6, 1919.

Dear Girls:-

It has been a long time since my last letter but I have been out on a long trip. One morning in the latter part of October, I arrived in a certain college town to visit a friend who is on the faculty of the college and incidentally to look over their Y. W. C. A. without their knowledge of the capacity in which I am working. I like to do that once in a while, as you know.

"Well, Mary, what's all the advertising for?" I said, as we passed a huge poster with some kind of a mixed up jumble of letters at its top and a promise of being explained in chapel.

"That? Oh, that is the last of a bunch of posters we have been seeing all week. They told only a piece of the news at a time and now when it is finished we don't know anything, either. 'On Oct. 30, there will be a Chance for Woman's Suffrage!' We might as well hurry over to chapel and find out, after all this suspense." So we did, and found that on the platform was a girl writing at a table, flanked on one side by a poster "Vote The Bond Issue", and on the other by a big placard "Y. W. C. A. Budget." and under it a list of items and totals. Then entered a college girl and there ensued a conversation between the two, one asking curiously about all the items and the other explaining patiently.

The next day my friend said, "Come on, we're going to chapel, something doing again, I hear." This was on Saturday morning and in place of the budget list there was a map showing the location of some places in India. One of the girls came out on the platform and told about the school's sister college, announcing at the close of her talk that a girl who was visiting from Madras would tell us something about that college. The

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little visiting lady, appeared in costume and told us quite intimately about the college and its grounds, their classes, social life, athletics, etc., at Madras. I heard some girls talking behind us and one said, "Well, Helen, why didn't you tell me that yesterday, when I asked you what the sister college was? I didn't know it was so much like ours. I thought it was something awfully queer, but I'll give all I can on that." And the other girl answered, "Fact is, I didn't know myself, old scout."

I thought that these girls had covered their campaign quite well but on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings two different girls told about the students' conference to be held at Des Moines in December and the National Conference at Cleveland, Ohio, in the spring, and the value of having representatives at both of these places. I thought I would sleep late on Thursday morning but before the rising bell rang, some young heathen began to sing and yell out in the corridors. I couldn't sleep so I listened and gathered that their clever songs were all about the bonds to be voted for the Y. W. C. A. budget fund that day, and I forgave them, for the campaign parade through the corridors so early in the day. However, I really "sat up and took notice" when their leader explained the situation a little more fully in the chapel time where they gave some more yells and sang. They were finishing up their program thoroughly, dividing the school up into wards and precincts and planning to vote at regular booths and close the polls at a certain time. I came back from chapel and while waiting at the senior booth to register and to take my turn to vote, I stopped to read a big poster "This Girl is Pledging All She Can", and found myself staring at my own face in a mirror which hung at its side. Pretty clever, wasn't it?

I might as well hurry up, for you must know the

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last and I have to go in a few minutes. This is Friday morning, and last night saw the end. About the middle of the dinner hour the lights all went off in the dining room and a long file of girls, dressed in white and carrying Japanese lanterns, came in singing their campaign songs, and marched around the tables. After dinner we went to the social room where there was more singing. Here each ward leader reported the election returns to the Y. W. C. A. president while the campaign leader ran up a disk on the thermometer for the class, to the amount reported. The last returns were in, the last disk sent up and the total read while we watched the blue disk go over the top of the thermometer, which totaled six hundred and forty dollars. I hope you may be able to do as well or better in your plans.

Yours sincerely,

M. E. Bothwell

AS YOU LIKE IT—OR NOT.

Any one interested in the college may contribute a letter to this page of the Greetings on any subject related to the college. We should be glad at any time to have a subject, which is presented in one letter, taken up by other persons and discussed in succeeding issues. Communications for this department are to be marked for the "As You Like It—Or Not" page and dropped in the Greetings box or mailed to the Editor by the fifteenth of the month. For the convenience of the Editor, each article must be signed with the full name, which, will be omitted from the printed article upon request.

YE COLLEGE GOSSIPS.

A goop once came to I. W. C.
She forgot to bring her trunk key

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And her bedroom slippers
And her tennis racquet
But she brought a hammer
With which she proceeded to knock
The College
And its organizations
And the food
And the girls
And Jacksonville
And everything
Until the whole school
Was down on her
And then she wandered
Why?
With all her knocking
She couldn't seem
To make a hit.

Editor College Greeting:

"Silence is golden" so they say—but surely not at an I. W. C. table in the dining room. How boring it is to go to a table meal after meal where perhaps two, or perhaps three people out of ten try vainly to open up topics of interest for discussion—while the rest simply eat, and eat, and eat! And it isn't Freshmen in every case who so persistently keep the oyster company in its state of mumness.

ART NOTES.

Miss Knopf has one of her water color paintings—"In the Conservatory, Garfield Park" on exhibition with the New York Water Color Club in the American Fine Arts Galleries in New York City.

The Commercial Art Class is beginning work for the Illiwoco.

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Georgia Flowers and Jane Parkison are expecting to return for Art Work after Christmas.

The Exhibition of Pictures by American Artists will come to the College in February. It will be of the same distinguished quality as were the exhibitions of 1915, 1916 and 1917. It comes through the cooperation of the American Federation of Arts, which is a guarantee of merit, as all the exhibitions sent out by the American Federation of Arts are chosen by distinguished juries.

Would you like to be a Romeo or Juliet,
A wise old man, or a foolish, young cadet?
Would you like to make a name,
Through your acting to win fame?
Then for Dramatic Club try out,
And you'll win without a doubt.

—L. S. '21.

LAMBDA ALPHA MU.

Lambda Alpha Mu welcome as their new pledges, Helen Houston, Ruth Gillespie, Margaret Merker, Pauline Farmer, Marian Humphreys, Lorraine Sylvester, Doris Hamilton, Anna Louise Ward, Eunice Olinger, Helen Harris, Edith Powell, Clara Powell, Helen Gowdy and Grace Styles.

On Saturday evening November the 8th, the society had their formal party, a Japanese kwan-ko-ba, at Colonial Inn.

Dorothy Pinkston '18 spent a recent week end at the college.

Violette Flowers spent the week end of November first at her home in Champaign.

PHI NU.

We are glad to welcome as pledges Virgie Barton, Edna Boeker, Eloise Calhoun, Florence Collins, Helen

The College Greetings

Crain, Harriette Etnyre, Lois Forcum, Dorothy Hammond, Hazel Logan, Julia Pitkin, and Margaret Todd.

Judge and Mrs. Samuels, of Jacksonville announce the birth of a son, on November 10th.

The Thanksgiving banquet was held on November twenty-ninth at Peacock Inn. Mrs. Alice Wadsworth Appleby was the toastmistress.

THETA SIGMA.

Nancy Grace Miller paid a short visit here recently.

Winifred Sale visited with us between trains a short time ago.

Our pledges are Gladys Hollin, Ruth Rowell, Suzanne Rhinehart, Inez Gish, Hazel Dell, Doris Downey, Harriett Watt, Luella Kneale, Ruth Haywood, Edith Baldwin, Bessie Thayer, Helen Carpenter.

Our program this year will consist of a study of the artists whose pictures will appear in the Art Exhibit, and other artists of immediate interest.

BELLES LETTRES.

We are glad to receive as pledges Alma Blodgett, Anna Canada, Genevieve Coates, Jennie Marr Dunaway, Margaret Fowler, Helen Paschall, Beth Pollak, Inez Stottler, Bertha Watkins, Florence Weber.

We are glad to have Audrey Berryman with us again. Miss Berryman has been teaching but came back this year to take some special work.

Marjorie Taylor is to accompany Miss Lazelle and Miss Moore at their recitals this year.

Mrs. Bertha Walker Pool of Wilmington, Delaware announces the birth of a daughter Mary Ellen, October fourteenth.

Friends of Edith Hillerby will be glad to hear that she is improving from her recent serious operation. She

The College Greetings

is now at Lavinia Sanatorium, Lavinia, California.

The subject of our study for this year is "Women in Vocational Life."

JACK HORNER'S CORNER.

Mary M.—"Oh, I'm always contented wherever I am."

Marjorie H.—"Why, Mary, that's just the way pigs are."

Mary—"I think pigs are just darling."

Freshie—"Say doesn't Esther Hetherlin live along here somewhere?"

Information Bureau—"Yes, right down by the garbage can."

Freshie—"Gee, how romantic."

Junior—"What did you have in English Lit. this morning?"

L. P.—"We had to give a description of the Bath of Wife."

Avis in Sociology—"I read 'Youth in the City Streets', by J. Adams. I suppose J. stands for John."

Lorene—"Is it possible for anyone to get to the place where she can't learn anything more?"

Miss Neville—"Why,—yes."

Lorene—"Well, I'm there!"

Dr. Harker in chapel—"Girls, you have a wonderful servant in your elevator."

Girl in elevator—"Girls, I fear our Elly is an I. W. W. It goes according to its own will without any regard for the poor innocent public. I started for Fourth floor and thot I wouldn't stop this side of Venus or Saturn!"

"Miss Harris, what have you read on this subject?"

"Why, I read Poole's Index."

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G. H.—I'm going out to hear "Marriage and Divorce" this evening.

E. P.—"Oh, are we allowed to go to shows on Sunday night?"

Miss Austin—"Tickets are on sale by Mr. Metcalf and Miss Ewald and several other students."

E. P.—"I don't have any use for my conscience here. Instead I go by the Little Brown Book."

Lucille K.—"Is that pin you are wearing an heirloom?"

Mickey—"I don't know, I've had it a long time."

* * * * *

THE CALENDAR.

October.

20—Freshman have a pep party in the gym. Wild sounds of revelry reach our studious ears. We hear later that Ruth Rowell tried to mutilate Lucille.

21—Harker radiators render the Star-Spangled Banner at 5:30 in the morning. The melody is not duly appreciated.

22—Miss Tommy's and Mrs. Moore's table go down to Batz' at 9:30, and take pains to inform the rest of the school about the ham sandwiches.

23—We are asked to come to chapel Friday morning. Why all the mystery?

24—And now we know. Hat and Florence explain the Bond Issue Election to us in chapel. Now it's up to us to carry it through.

25—We have a visitor from Madras who, notwithstanding a bad cold gives us a splendid talk in chapel. Belles Lettres gives a quaint old-fashioned quilting party at Colonial Inn. It is very enjoyable.

26—We have an extra hour to sleep in the morning. Rains all day.

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- 27—Still rainy. Miss Robinson gives a very delightful recital in the evening.
- 28—Information received concerning Des Moines Convention. Sounds very interesting. Wonder who the delegate will be.
- 29—Miss Stanwood advises the Freshman to wash their faces and brush their teeth regularly. Well, they're partly her class, you know.
- 30—At last, it's Election Day—Did we go over the top? Well, I guess yes!
- 31—Glee Club stunt after dinner. New version of our nursery rhymes. The rest of the world observes Hallowe'en with a motley array on the streets. It's moonlight, too.

November.

- 1 —Witches and ghosts hold high carnival in the gym. Clever program after which we danced and refreshed ourselves with chocolate and doughnuts. Three cheers for the Specials!
- 2—We have several guests with us over the week-end. We're glad it's a sunny Sunday for once.
- 3—Theta Sigma entertains at a Formal at Colonial Inn.
- 4—We march out of chapel to the strains of melody. Seems queer at first, but soon proves itself satisfactory.
- 5—The water-jar on Fourth, Harker crashes to smithereens in the wee sma' hours, nearly causes a panic.
- 6—The Freshmen have a picnic in the gym, but no one seems particularly overfed.
- 7—Illinois College Band comes to play for us in wondrous and motley array. They are asked to come and rake our leaves when they finish with theirs. No one raises an objection.

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- 8—Lambda Alpha Mu entertains at a Japanese Tea at Colonial Inn.
The Sophomore Hockey team enjoys a Leaf Rake at the Gates home. And the grandest waffle spread. The waitress was a humble, meek little senior.
- 9—Late at night, a bold bad wind comes up, and nearly blows away our Woman's College.
- 10—Faculty vs Interclass Hockey game. Faculty lost—probably on account of the absence of Miss Storrs.
7:30 P. M. La rush est fini.
- 11—Armistice Day. We lose an hour and a half of classes, and are marched down to the Community Sing.
- 12—Senior Recognition Day. As one Freshie said, "Don't the Seniors look grand in their long full coats, and those funny little black hats?" Wonder what they thought of the faculty.
- 13—Sophomore Recognition Day. Green caps and plenty of pep in evidence. Began the day with hideous noise, and ended it with tuneful melody.
- 14—Just a plain day. No one is officially recognized. We gleefully accept the new breakfast plan.
- 15—Miss Austin reads us "Gems from Exam Papers" in chapel. Now the Education class knows how not to teach. Society pledging at night.

EXCHANGES.

It is the custom of a great many colleges to exchange periodicals with other schools. The Greetings has always adhered to this custom and it is with a great deal of pleasure that the staff this year has already received exchanges from other schools.

The idea of Exchange must have originated, as in

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everything else, with a view to learn what other schools are doing, and what they are thinking about; with the view of comparison of college spirit and college standards. From this there has sprung up the custom of criticism. Often when one speaks of criticism, he thinks only of fault finding. Yet true criticism should not be confined to this idea alone. We comment upon papers if we find them especially good, or if we feel that any improvements might be helpful, we believe that it is our privilege to make suggestions. So then, whether we praise your paper to the skies, or whether we call attention to any short comings, we hope that you will all consider it as done merely in a spirit of good fellowship.

The "Wellesley College News" lives up to its name in this issue. The news is so arranged as to give clearly the events which have taken place during the first weeks of school. We especially like the "Free Press Column" because it gives an opportunity for general student participation.

The "Augustana Observer" contains a great deal of general information and good College Spirit. We wonder if Augustana doesn't have a poet waiting to be discovered.

We were glad to receive the "St. Mary's Chimes," and we note that the material seems well arranged and carefully planned.

The world is old, but it likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find,
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find an ancient joke
Dressed in a modern guise
Don't frown, and give the thing a poke;
Just laugh—don't be too wise!

The College Greetings

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A Happy New Year



Just at the turn of midnight,
When the children are fast asleep,
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
And the New Year takes a peep.

At the beautiful world that is waiting
For the hours that he will bring,
For the wonderful things in his peddler's pack,
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,
And many a marvelous thing.

When the children wake in the morning,
Shouting their "Happy New Year"
The year will be started well on his way,
Singing along through his first white day,
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey ;
Fifty-two weeks of a spell ;
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



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THE LAUGHTER OF ELISE.



The cold white snow fell relentlessly upon the little town in Northern Germany. Most of the lights in the little houses had long ago been put out. Indeed, the yellow glow only shone out from window. Near this window sat a girl of perhaps twenty, sewing a steadfast grin upon the face of a crudely constructed rag doll. Gerturde, for perhaps that was the girl's name, dropped her work and looked up, and in her eyes was tragedy. There were so many, many things she could not understand. She would have been willing to give her father and her big flaxen-haired brother Harold, to the Fatherland, if they could have helped. But they had died ingloriously, and the Americans had told her, on the wrong side. They had been very good to her and to the little sister, Elise, but the Americans said they, and all the rest were demons.

And this was New Year's Eve. Christmas had dragged by, a poor broken, dreaded Christmas, and she had made no effort to give gifts. For she had forgot-

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ten what Christmas meant. Oh she remembered that it should mean Peace. But Peace only with sorrow and defeat, belonged to Germany—and to Gertrude.

But this sad, absurd little clown-doll for Elise was her sincere effort to win out at the beginning of the new year, her effort to understand.

One brave flame in the fireplace, filled by now with glowing coals, flickered up and seemed to look at, and then laugh at the forsaken rag doll. Gertrude glanced down, and the bitter smile which had twisted her lips, warmed into sweetness again. Why of course, Elise would understand. She would recognize this pitiful attempt to make up for the Christmas that had not been. Yes, Elise would even know what Christmas means, children someway always do. Perhaps it is because they are not of one nationality but of the world. And Elise would love that rakish old clown, and laugh at it. And her father and Harald—somewhere—would know that Elise had laughed. Gradually Gertrude understood that the new year was to be to her, too, because of her woman nature, the laughter of a child, who sees that there is something essentially joyous about morning sunlight and a toy clown.

The flame died down, and Gertrude stretched in a peculiarly whimsical twist to the doll's eye brow. And then, just because she knew that at last she had kept faith, and because it was the dawning of a new year, and because the eye brow looked so ridiculous, she laughed, and in the sound, which for the first time in months, was free from doubt and bitterness, there mingled the laughter of the woman and just a touch of irrepressible laughter of the child.—M. S., '20.



EDITORIAL

It seems only yesterday that we were under the spell of Christmas. We sang it, thought it, talked it, dream't it. And here we are back again, and—"Yesterday is only a dream." We have exchanged "Merry Christmas" for "Happy New Year." With our new by-word comes a thrill of battle. The new year brings a challenge. The dimpled youngster with the cherub smile can throw down the gauntlet with surprising force.

The three hundred and sixty-five days are lined up. If there were only twenty or thirty. But there are hundreds. And before long we will feel so warm with trying to look up and lift that we will forget to laugh and love.

Finding the funny side of the new year! What a queer, inglorious task. Only it isn't a task at all. It is

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the one way to keep other things from being tasks. It is the finest kind of courage and the truest type of bravery with which to meet the challenge of the new year. For it helps us to stand fast through all three hundred and sixty-five days when work sometimes drags and strains. It helps us to keep faith, without looking too much like martyrs.

Yes, 1920, we insist that we are not afraid of you. We even laugh at you. Because we know that if we fight with high heart, in the end you will give us what we want, and then—perhaps—you will laugh with us.

1919 is dead. Long live 1920!

THE COLLEGE GIRL FOUR-SQUARE.

The average freshman girl, as she enters college, starts with the determination of developing all sides of her life, in making herself an all round girl, not only in college but in the life outside.

The college life may be likened to a square, the sides of which are; mental, spiritual, physical, and social development. These sides must all be equal or the college life will become more or less one sided and consequently the girl will become smaller in one phase and the life will become distorted.

The aim of I. W. C. for all her daughters is this full, equal development. In order to realize this aim, the management has organized the faculty, the curriculum, given us access to a well equipped library and laboratories, and in other ways has aided in the growth of the mental side.

For the spiritual side of our college life, the atmosphere has been created about us in our close association with the churches, our chapel services and our

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own Young Women's Christian Association, with its various branches.

The gymnasium with its pool, its bowling alley, its floor, and the Athletic Association with its hiking clubs, games, tournaments, exhibition and field day provide for the fullest attainment of the physical base of our own square.

All organizations aid in the development of the fourth side, the social. However, the literary societies in the college, which seek for the attaining of the perfect square, have a large place in the social life of the college. It is thru them, that some of the closest and most lasting friendships are made, that chance is given for the bringing out of qualities of leadership, and lastly the girls are given more of a family life.

New girls, we old girls, together with the faculty want to help you in every way, and to take you with us in our trying to attain this end. In the doing of this, no phase must be overlooked or slighted, neither must there be more attention centered on any special one but full cooperation given in every way. We are willing and anxious for you to go with us but it rests principally, with you, individually, whether or not your life shall be developed fully and equally on the four sides, the mental, the spiritual, the physical and the social.

—Marian Jane Robison, '21.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

One after another they came until the Social Room was well filled. Were they social butterflies? No, they were fifty of the poor children of Jacksonville; perhaps most of them would have no other Christmas than this Christmas Party that was given by the Social Service

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Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association. They came to have a good time, to get warm, maybe to receive a present, and to have something to eat. All this did happen, but more too. They left the girls of Illinois Woman's College in a happy frame of mind, with hearts that were a little warmer because they had helped some poor child have a good time with financial aid and better still with their personal service.

At Thanksgiving time the faculty and students responded so loyally, when the Social Service Committee sent notes saying, "Don't you want to make someone happy with a Thanksgiving Basket?", that after supplying twelve families of Jacksonville with Thanksgiving Baskets, there was eighteen dollars left, which paid part of the expenses of the Christmas Party.

Under Social Service, a class in Campfire Guardianship has been organized. Miss Bowman of the Jacksonville Public Library is giving the lectures once a week to about fifty girls from Illinois Woman's College. There are prospects of turning out many good guardians for Campfire organizations in many different sections of the Middlewest.

This is just the beginning of what the Social Service Committee has to do and has for you to do.

—G. Goodale, '20.

The Sophomores entertained the Seniors Saturday evening, December 6 with a demonstration of their usual original and peppy spirit. During the evening they presented the musical play "Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town." The little play was entirely different from anything ever presented here in the way of an evening stunt. Because of marital quarrels a fairy had separated, seven lovely maidens from their husbands.

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The beautiful maidens had been changed to old women, and the men had been made into wax works. The untangling of the plot showed the reviving of the waxen husbands, the rejuvenation of the old ladies, and a final happy reunion of all.

ADVICE.

Dear Niece—Your recent letter was certainly most blue
It seems examinations are a worriment to you.
Now, dearie, listen to a tale in which I will advise.
The moral of this tale will be that you do otherwise.

When auntie went to college, she had a lot of fun,
But I'm ashamed to say her lessons were not always
done.

And then, before she settled down, here came examinations.

O, then was your Aunt Jennie's heart filled with consternation!

O, then I burned the midnight oil! my heart was full
of woe

When I thought how short the time was, and how
much I didn't know.

I crammed until the wee sma' hours, and tumbled into
bed

With weary bones, and quaking heart, and just as
empty head.

All night the kings of England filed by me in a row,
Requiring me to tell their dates, or else they wouldn't
go.

When exams were over, I knew that I should fail
Before the little cards came 'round to tell the shameful
tale.

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And then the world was black as ink. I vowed that I
would roam
Around the world, an outcast, and not show my face at
home.
I contemplated suicide, and cried myself to sleep;—
O, I was plunged in misery so very, very deep
That a few days after, it was with great surprise
I noticed that the sun retained its place within the skies.
Gradually this fact my crushed and mournful heart re-
galed,—
The wide world neither knew nor cared that Jennie
Blake had failed!

I worked off the condition, was granted a B. A.
With honorable mention; and here I am today
A happy, healthy woman, with a fair amount of know-
ledge,
Writing to a niece whom she is proud to have in college,
Telling her to take exams in a calmer way
Than her auntie did just twenty years ago today.
—Margaret Fowler, '23.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Short and sweet is a fitting characterization for the two little Portmanteau plays, "The Trimplet" and "Nevertheless" which were recently presented by our college Dramatic Club. In "The Trimplet" Stuart Walker has found a new and charming way to express the old idea, "all are needed by each one, nothing is fair or good alone." For some could see "where the tall, tall trees touched on the nearest star" but missed the "perfume of a thousand trees" and some could hear but could not feel. Thus no single one was sufficient unto himself but each one needed the gift of his companions before

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he could attain to perfect happiness. At last when all this enmity had been lost in helping and being helped they found, by the aid of a member of the audience, the symbol of perfect happiness, "The Trimplet" which is "the hole a sunbeam makes in a shadow." The elusive, half real atmosphere of enchantment was very well produced.

"Nevertheless" a pleasant glimpse of child life in a modern American home wove some delicious humor into a half playful, half serious story of a little boy, who was really quite a man of the world considering that he had already attained the magnificent age of eleven years, his little sister who was old enough to know that "women are not so easily tempted as men" yet not so old but that she could appreciate the humour of a word like "nevertheless" and a burglar who had "never burgled before." "Mother" does not make her appearance on the stage but somehow the audience and the burglar are inclined to believe with Billy that "Mother is a great woman."

The children, having been sent up to their room to repent of their besetting sin which seems to be a woe-ful disregard for the rules of grammar, encounter the burglar to whom they read the story which mother has given to them as a punishment. The story, which tells all about the "narrow path" which leads to a happy ending and the "primrose path" which "leads to a land of thorns," finds a response in the not over hard heart of the burglar until he decides with the children to follow the narrow path and never "to wobble" again.

The Home Economics Institute, under the direction of the Home Economics Department of the college, was held in the Domestic Science department on Dec. 15, 16,

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17. The object of the meeting was to found for Morgan County a Home Bureau. Miss Bane and Miss Crigler were speakers sent out by the Extension Department of the University of Illinois.

COLLEGE CLUB.

A meeting of the College Club was held December 8 in Belles Lettres and Phi Nu under the direction of the Woman's College Group. Miss Strome of Chicago presented the educational plan for the Y. W. drive which is to come later in the year. The Club voted to support the drive, and Miss Mary Wadsworth was appointed County Chairman. Following this, Miss Wadsworth told of some of her experiences in the hostess houses during the War. Miss Austin then gave a short talk and later refreshments were served.

The college Club was organized two years ago, and has a membership composed of seventy-five women of Jacksonville and Morgan County who are graduates of Standard Colleges. The members are divided into four groups, each representing a college. The club holds four meetings a year which are in charge of one of the groups.

LIST OF GIFTS TO THE CURRENT EXPENSE FUND FOR THE YEAR 1919-1920.

In order to meet the current expenses of the college for the year 1919-1920 and make the necessary additions to equipment, refurnishing, repairs, and meet the largely increased expenses in every department, it will be necessary to secure \$25,000. The college is appealing to its friends everywhere to help meet this defi-

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ency. The following is the list of gifts received on this current account since June 1.

A statement will be made each month, showing the amounts contributed, and it is earnestly hoped that the total amount of \$25,000 will be subscribed before the first of June next.

It is especially suggested that the Christmas season is a good time in which to remember the college.

1 gift	\$ 1.00
1 gift	4.00
Sophomore Class for November	4.86
2 gifts at \$5.00	10.00
2 gifts at 10.00	20.00
1 gift	11.00
1 gift	15.00
1 gift	20.00
9 gifts at \$25.00	225.00
1 gift	40.00
4 gifts at \$50.00	200.00
3 gifts at \$100	300.00
1 gift	125.00
2 gifts at \$200	400.00
1 gift	500.00
1 gift	700.00
1 gift	1000.00
Gifts to Library	113.75
Educational Collection, Illinois Conference	6292.30
Total	9981.91
Amount yet to be secured	\$15018.09



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AS YOU LIKE IT—OR NOT.

Any one interested in the college may contribute a letter to this page of the Greetings on any subject related to the college. We should be glad at any time to have a subject which is presented in one letter, taken up by other persons and discussed in succeeding issues. Communications for this department are to be marked for the "As You Like It-Or Not" page and dropped in the Greetings box or mailed to the Editor by the fifteenth of the month. For the convenience of the Editor, each article must be signed with the full name, which will be omitted from the printed article upon request.

Editor of the Greetings:-

The account of the following department was omitted by mistake from the annual bulletin of I. W. C. and we take this means of notifying the public of its existence.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

Marriage Fundamentals—

Is the successful marriage based on romantic love or affectionate companionship? How much ought a man to have saved before marrying? Can a married woman have a career? These questions and many others are answered satisfactorily.

Ethics of Friendship—

A complete discussion of the elements of true friendship and the privileges and duties of a friend.

Religious Analytics—

The course includes a dissection of Miss Neville's religious principles. Offers a working outline of the college girls' religion.

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Universal Destination—

The plan of creation is here discussed and the end and aim of human existence is set forth in detail.

Other courses will be added as the need arises.

Classes are held on third and fourth floors, Harker, between the hours of ten P. M. and four A. M.

To the Editor of the Greetings:

The letter in the December number about golden silence at the dining-room table particularly appealed to me. I shall not presume to judge.

Perhaps those persons who propagate mumness, base their policy on the principle that conversation is not necessary for mutual understanding. This principle, I am sure the author of it would agree, was not intended to be used for any such end. It refers to high-brow or soul-deep understanding, not to that based on the feeding instinct. If for any reason, you are one, compared with whom the claim is a monolog artist (acknowledgment is expressed to the T. H. J. for the preceding phrase) become something different, even if it must be a magpie or a parrot. There is always chance for evolution.

—An Owl?

LIFE'S LITTLE BLUSHES.

To step unthinkingly off the elevator, wander down to the familiar location, and step into an utterly strange room, the occupants of which are not entirely clothed.

To call out in your most frivolous manner to the person splashing in the next tub, "Tell me, is there any hot water?" and be answered by a faculty voice.

To rush to a recitation at the summons of the bell and burst into an unfamiliar, peacefully reciting class.

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(You have mistaken the half hour bell for the hour bell)

To utter in Bowry tones, "Well, say! I hope I don't feel bad," and suddenly turning a corner, meet Miss Compton.

They say we mustn't study late;
That study done ere half-past eight
Will do us much more good than when
We leave it until after ten—
Well, mebbe so.

They say we must't ever cram;
That when the knowledge we must ram
Into our brains, it doesn't pay
We must acquire it day by day—
Well, mebbe so.

They say that studying alone,
And making knowledge thus our own
Will bring us more results by far
Than getting it from some bright star—
Well, mebbe so.

—B. B. '22.

JOKES.

Miss L.—"That dress makes you actually good looking!"

Miss J.—"Many thanks to the dress!"

The Room-mate—"Why are you wearing white stockings with your brown dress and brown shoes?"

Lorene Smith—"Because you didn't have any others!"

Remarks of a Senior—"It was my right hand foot."

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Girl before Engaged sign—"I wish they would break their engagement."

After Bible Exam—"Miss Neville, I'm glad you sneezed when you did. It made me think of the River Kishon."

Miss B.—"What is the period of infancy of a chicken?"

M. L. Davis—(Thinking of something else)—"A year!"

Time for condolences—When Miss Knopf, after convincing the storekeeper of her need, finally gets the 25c pound package of sugar—then drops it, soft side downward in the post office.

Miss B.—"Now is the upright monkey smarter than man? I mean than all the other monkeys!"

M. Sipfle—"The giraffe reached after a cocoanut and got his long neck;—the elephant got his trunk the same way; but man built a ladder and he got brains!"

Gentle rebuke—Girl—"How did the hockey game pan out?"

French girl—"I do not know."

Girl—"Who won?"

French Girl—"The Freshmen."

BELLES LETTRES.

,We are glad to add Olive Randall's name to our list of pledges.

We were very glad to have Joy Webb, Ruby Baxter, Audra Miller, Lois Coultas, Beulah Smith, and Johanna Onken with us Thanksgiving.

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A tea was given in the Hall Saturday, November twenty-ninth, for all of the girls who were back for Thanksgiving.

Louise Gates was home for the Christmas vacation. Miss Gates is Industrial Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

The announcement of the engagement of Geraldine Desmond to Porter Corrington has been received.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Frieda Madaline Fenton to Mr. Robert Harness has been received. The marriage occurred at high noon at the Methodist church in Mount Vernon, Missouri, December thirty-first.

THETA SIGMA.

Nancy Grace Miles spent a recent week end with us.

Winifred Sale was here for a brief visit a short time ago.

Ila Allen and Roxie Poland were here between trains recently on the way to visit Erva Moody.

Lucille McEwan Nee McCloud spent Thanksgiving with us.

Anne Floreth who has been seriously ill is able to be about again.

We are glad to welcome Janice Swank as one of our pledges.

Geneva Upp of the class of '14 visited I. W. C. the week before Christmas. Miss Upp who took her Master Degree in Physical Education at Columbia two years ago, is successfully filling a position as Supervisor of Physical Training at Nashuak, Minn.

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PHI NU NOTES.

Several old Phi Nus were present at the banquet held on November 29th. We were glad to have Louise Virgin, Helen Irwin, Virginia Johnston, Lora Whitehead, Esther Kirk, Mrs. Applebee, and Miss Wadsworth with us.

LAMBDA ALPHA MU.

The members of the society welcome as their new pledge, Dorothy Lindmeier.

We were glad to have Marian Anderson, Cordelia Randolph, and Dorothy Pinkston with us for Thanksgiving.

On Saturday evening, November 29th the society entertained their Thanksgiving guests at a Musical, after which refreshments were served.

The pledges recently entertained the old girls at a table party. The decorations were effectively carried out in lavender and white.

The students of Expression gave a very entertaining and finished recital Friday, December 12th.

Miss Esther Harper read a cutting from the story "Schools and Schools", by O. Henry. The characterizations were good and the humorous situations well presented.

Miss Ednal Danielson read a cutting, which will never become trite, from "The Court of Boyville." It was the story of the "King of Boyville's" first love affair. This was Miss Danielson's first appearance but we hope to hear her many more times.

The play, "The Beau of Bath", was read by Miss

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Mamie Kennedy. All the characters of the play seemed to be acting for us, Miss Kennedy portrayed them so well. We could hardly realize that there was just one person on the stage.

One of the best Penrod stories was read by Miss Harriet Keys. We enjoyed the rendition of this clever story of a mischievous boy.

Miss Dorothy Remley closed the program with a group of poems, which made us feel that after all life is worth while.

At our last chapel exercise, Miss Esther Harper read the beautiful Christmas story by VanDyke, "The Other Wise Man" which was enjoyed by all the students.—L. S., '21.

ALUMNI.

Miss Della Dimmit '86 has written a little booklet "The Stairway to Happiness" which is illustrated by Norma Virgin '09. This booklet is being sold for the benefit of a missionary society.

The marriage of Miss Mary Lawson to Mr. Matthew Dunlap took place in October at Sidney, Ill.

Miss Edith Phillippe was married to Mr. John W. Armstrong December 1, at Champaign, Ill. They will live in Los Angeles, Cal.

FORE IDEAS OF CHRISTMAS VACATION.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way, oh what fun it is—" That's just it. Christmas—oh what fun it is indeed! The green lights and red lights, the shimmering ropes of silver tinsel, the shining, sparkling impediments of the Christmas tree, the jingling bells,

TO THE MEMORY OF
EDITH FIDLER

DIED DECEMBER 3, 1919

*“****Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!”*

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our Santa Claus, his joy producing pack, and the delighted little gasps of the children—all these were in our social room one Saturday night. That was the beginning. Christmas is actually gone.

Y. W. C. A. BUDGET, 1919-1920.

Expenditures.

Foreign work—Madras	\$150.00
Scholarship, I. W. C.	115.00
To National Board of Y. W. C. A.	60.00
Student Volunteer Convention	175.00
National Y. W. C. A. Convention	50.00
Food Sales	275.00
Membership	8.00
Social	35.00
Social Service	35.00
Publicity	25.00
General	20.00
Annual Member	10.00

Total	\$958.00
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Receipts—

Food sales	\$400.00
May Breakfast	25.00
Miscellaneous	10.00

Total	\$435.00
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In order to cover the expenditures, the students and faculty pledged \$640.00 to the Y. W. C. A. \$300.25 have already been received by the treasurer while the remainder will be due before March 1, 1920.

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The Y. W. C. A. meeting on Sunday, December 14 was a beautiful, impressive candle service. Vera Wardner talked on the subject, "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh." It was a service long to be remembered when the girls taking their small white candles and marching forward singing the Candle Night Song, lit their tapers from the big Christmas candle. The act symbolized consecration to service for the coming year.

The program follows:

Berceuse—(Beaumont)	Bernice Holnback, Dorothy DeMary
Christmas Chorus	Abt
Angels' Lullaby	Abt

Glee Club

Prayer

"Joy to the World"	Hymn No. 107
--------------------	--------------

Bible Story of the Birth of Christ.

Legend of the Christ Child	Harrison
----------------------------	----------

Mary Rose Adams

Holy Night	Mona Ramsey, Helen Carpenter
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"Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh."	Vera Wardner
---------------------------------	--------------

Candle Night Song

Candle March.

GIFTS.

A number of new books have been added to our library. Mrs. H. B. Lusch added thirty volumes to the Motherhead Memorial library, and Mrs. Alice McElroy Griffith of the class of '52, also presented the college with two sets of beautifully bound books. Other donors to whom we extend sincere thanks for their interest in us, are Dr. Frank Crain and Mr. F. E. Compton. Early in the year the history department received a \$200 gift from Mrs. Jennie MacMurray, which was spent for books and maps.

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A Thanksgiving gift of a new baker was presented to the college kitchen by Mrs. MacMurray. There are hopes about that this is a brown bread baker.

EXCHANGE.

My teacher told me not to talk,
I don't;
Or on a lesson ever balk,
I don't;
They made it clear I must not cheat,
Or on the school grounds ne'er meet
A boy, not even if he is discreet,
I don't;
To laugh or flirt is very wrong
Or yell an encore to the gong,
I don't;
I tell no lies, not even one,
I do not know how it is done
You wouldn't think I'd have much fun,
You're right,
I don't.—Ex.

"How did you feel when you got your test back?"
"D-graded."—Ex.

"How long did you study last night?"
"Two hours railroad time."
What do you mean?"
"That is including stops and delays."—Ex.

When fire whistle blew during coal shortage—M.
W.—I'd sure like to go and get warm but I'm afraid I'd
catch cold coming back.

The College Greetings

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O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you the bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 a crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult O slaves, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead. —Walt Whitman.

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Miss Amanda's Guest.

Miss Amanda stood periously near the edge of the splint-bottomed kitchen chair. She took from its nest-ing place on the remote top shelf of the closet, her old fashioned roasting pan.

"This has'nt been used since Bill Eggleson and his family were here a year ago last fall, but I said then, Ann, that it did a chicken better than anything else in the house."

Black Ann was struggling with a big fat hen, just now in the condition of helplessness preceding the process of "stuffing." She merely grunted an assent.

"Now be sure and don't forget to skim that crock o'milk, or there won't be any cream for the salad. Sam"—as a darkie bearing a huge stack of fire wood entered, "are you certain you swept the front steps and dusted the door mat?"

"Yass'm, Missus," said the negro, his nostrils dilating at the spicy odors issuing from the oven. "I done that a'right. Tha wa'nt a pa'ticle o' dust in it, fur's I could see. When's he comin' ma'am?"

"I reckon Brother Stregson will arrive about eleven. Now, Ann, everything's going. I'll go and finish setting the silver, then dress, for no telling when he may come, bein' new in these parts you know."

She hurried out, leaving the engineering of the dinner to capable Ann and her stalwart nephew Sam.

Sometime later, Ann, her turban pushed back from her gleaming forehead, paused at the window and ejaculated to Sam, "Well Lord o' Massey! If tha ain't dat minister now, clippin it thru de east co'n fiel'. Run, you niggah, and be tha ready to open de front doah!"

But there was no need for Sam's haste. The ap-

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proaching stranger entered the side gate and swung across the back lawn. An instant later Ann opened the kitchen door. There he stood, a rather shabby person, with a queer twist to his sudden smile of surprise at being confronted by Ann's perspiring black visage.

"Come right in, Massa", she said, hastily composing herself, in a manner which would have done honor to Miss Amanda herself. "Miss Mandy, she'll be down in a minute. You jest go on in de house an' wait, suh." Whereupon she ushered him on through the passage and dining room into the big sunny white parlor. She gave the surprised Sam, who stood at attention at the front door, an indignant frown, and motioned him to come with her. He left his post rather shame-facedly, though he could not have explained why, since he was not to blame at the turn affairs had taken.

The gentleman left alone in the front parlor cast a quick glance after Ann, then settled himself comfortably in Miss Amanda's winged rocker. He seemed pleased with his surroundings.

Miss Amanda, in black and white lawn came down the stairway, and with outstretched hand in hospitable greeting entered her bright parlor.

"Why Bother Stregson. You can't know how glad I am to welcome you."

Miss Amanda, rather breathlessly fluttered toward the stranger. He took her maidenly hand and flushed slightly. He made Miss Amanda think that surely he must be a man who had not had many congregations to shepherd, but she always did have a preference for timid men, for as she had said, "The Lord made 'em scarce enough!" She noticed his un-ministerial tweed suit and wondered how people would like his unconventional appearance; but her last impression was one of liking

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for a little twinkle that she caught somewhere in the corner of his eyes.

"Now sit down, do, Brother Stregson, and we'll talk a while before Ann serves dinner. You don't know how glad the whole parish is to have the pulpit filled at last. You see old Dr. Brighton was so fine, that we felt it hard to supply his place. But we know that a man of your experience will be equal to the duties which the Doctor found so burdensome during his last days. How long have you been preaching sir?"

"No, now, Miss Amanda, I'm a man of small experience, I fear. I've had only a few years of active service."

Miss Amanda liked better than ever the new minister's frank modesty. Then too, he had addressed her in simple friendliness as "Miss Amanda."

She asked him then, how he liked the community so far, and if he had met the Adamses, Burtons, and Peabodys yet.

He replied only to the first part of her question—"The community is a thriving one and most hospitable to strangers within its gates." He bowed in a pleasantly boyish manner and smiled inscrutably at his hostess.

Miss Amanda, with dignity, excused herself for some minutes to issue a few last orders in the kitchen; for she feared Sam might fail to appear fitly attired for service,—a thing he had never actually done, which act Miss Amanda felt, however, was due to her watchfulness.

When she returned, her guest was standing at her window observing the fall view across the rolling hills. He smiled at her entrance.

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"I reckon its different around here from Canada, now isn't it?"

"Yes, you can bet on that it is, ma'am. Why, Canada, that big stretch of wheat land in Saskatchewan is God's own country, for truth." His whole face fired up with enthusiasm and he talked interestedly upon the advantages of Canadian homesteads.

"Dinnah am se'vd," announced Sam, dignified now in his white duck coat.

The man showed only a momentary hesitation, then offered Miss Amanda his arm, talking still with interest upon Canadian farming. His slight awkwardness at table was dispelled by Miss Amanda, who with true grace motioned him to his place and sated herself.

"Brother Stregson; will you ask the blessing?" Miss Amanda asked in a tone of quiet order.

The minister showed again the same impediment of speech in answer to sudden questions, which Miss Amanda had noticed before. He touched his fork nervously, then said simply, in a full rich tone,—*"Lord for thy bounties we thank thee."* The brief blessing went up amidst the curling incense from Black Ann's genuine old fashioned dinner.

During the friendly meal Miss Amanda learned the new minister's love of fishing, his interest in government projects in the Phillippines, and a few of his experiences in camp work. He talked well about everything but himself. Miss Amanda even noticed, and respected, a reticence on his part for discussing any of his parishoners. It was far from her intention to gossip, much as she did feel it necessary to inform him of Jacob Meade's over fondness for spirits and the necessity for ministerial caution in collecting salary from Jed Withers. Yes, Miss Amanda hated gossip, and

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merely took a discreet interest in humanity,—that represented by the immediate neighborhood of Hybasville, and her wholesome interest in the welfare of the new minister demanded expression.

Miss Amanda and her clerical guest had finished their desert of pumpkin pie, resplendent in cloudy billows of frothy cream, and again had gone to the parlor. The maiden lady had finished telling him of her process of keeping geraniums through the winter, which she explained, had less to do with coddling them than with simply giving them healthy sunny surroundings and letting them attend to their own growth.

“You know, sir” she said, as she picked off a dead leaf, “I tell Ann that’s the way with most growing things anyway. We can’t any of us expect to be made bigger by any pulling process, can we?”

The minister’s plain face showed a sensitive response to her homely philosophy.

At that instant the knocker on the front door sounded and Sam ushered in a tall elderly man.

He spoke rapidly, “Howdy, Amanda, I stopped in only a minute to tell you that Brother Stregson had an unavoidable delay in Richmond and won’t get here until tomorrow. Why”, he sputtered as he caught sight of the stranger, then looked at Miss Amanda for an explanation, “Why, what’s the matter, Amanda, you look like a spirit, you do, you’re so white and agitated, can’t I—”

Miss Amanda looked incredulously at her visitor and then turned to her guest. She gasped, “Are you sure, Prather Markham, you aren’t mistaken?”

The stranger stepped forward, a peculiar fear on his clean cut features, but determination in his set jaw. “I guess Miss Amanda, it’s time I explain a little. I’m

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terribly sorry for any trouble I caused you, but you see it wasn't exactly my fault, you know. All this reception comin' so sudden, just took my sense away for the time!"

A dare-devil look came over what Miss Amanda had previously styled his Calvinistic brow, and he stepped forward quickly. "Thanks Miss Mandy, for the dinner. I guess I'd better beat it!" and he audaciously kissed Miss Amanda's hand. He threw back his head and laughed in abandon to the joy of the moment, then left quickly by way of the front door.

As the sound of the slamming of the door ceased, the man and woman stood looking at each other in speechless silence. Prather Markham recovered first and said with a short laugh and a sweeping gesture,

"Well, Amanda, I reckon you did give my new hired man a regular good time. That's the kind you draw when you apply at these hired hand agency bureaus, from up state! I sent him down here this morning to see about Sam's help in corn husking."

Miss Amanda seated herself helplessly and folded her hands,

"Now did you ever! Well I might ha' known anyone who hadn't eaten beaten biscuits before was questionable, but be easy on him, Prather. Well, I never!"

—E. H., '20.

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News "Leads."

A "news lead" is the introductory statement of a news story containing the main facts given in the most condensed way. Kipling says in his poem, "The Reporter",

"I keep six honest serving-men,
They taught me all I knew;
Their names are What and Where and When
How and Why and Who."

The reporter is faced with the problem of answering as many of these questions as possible and maintaining interest. The following lead is one of those rarely found which answers all six:-

"Three thousand striking longshoremen, called to Cooper Union last night to vote on the question of returning to work, shouted down speakers who advised them to back. At a late hour no vote had been taken." The lead is usually one sentence, and never more than the first paragraph. It has a two-fold purpose. The first is to give all the important news of the article in brief, so that a hurried reader may gain a knowledge of the news of the day without reading each entire story. In the second place the lead should be interesting so as to attract the reader to follow up the development. He should not be satisfied with having obtained only the climax.

The ordinary reader of the newspapers probably does not know that there are different kinds of leads, but as a matter of fact there are a great variety. It lies with the reporter to decide which is most appropriate in each case.

The straight-forward, simple news lead, or the "straight lead" occurs the most frequently. It is al-

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ways used in the very important front page news stories, and may be used in dramatic or "feature" stories. The "feature lead", on the contrary, utilizes the dramatic element even at the expense of news ideas, and is usually found leading the dramatic story. We occasionally find feature leads in the straight news story when the subject is sensational. Here is a typical feature lead found in a dramatic story:-

"The political Pomeranian was added yesterday to the apple-pie, tea and baby carriages, which have been the most picturesque contribution of women voters to the pageant of Election Day in New York City."

The next illustrates the "playing up" a feature idea in a straight news story:-

"Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, the "Flying Parson" won the transcontinental aerial derby when he landed at Roosevelt Field, Mineola, L. I., from San Francisco yesterday afternoon."

As a rule, the news lead follows the regular order of sentence structure. The main independent clause first, then the qualifying clauses. However, leads often do begin with a participial phrase or a dependent clause. The disadvantage of this type of lead is that it often results in a hurdle; that is, a jump from the subordinate to the main thought. Such phrases as the following introduce these leads:-

"Following disclosures tonight—"

"Renewing their demands that the issue—"

"That the peace treaty will not be ratified—"

"Published reports that the government—"

Frequently the direct quotation makes an emphatic lead, but only in a few cases. As a rule it should be avoided.

"Call off the Russian blockade or every worker in Europe will throw down his tools!" was the dramatic

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threat uttered today by M. Lonquet, Socialist Deputy, at the Labor Unions Conference."

News stories should never be editorial. The subject should be treated in a disinterested and unbiased manner. Editorial comment should be reserved for the editorial columns; but once in a while a paper cannot resist coloring the lead of a news story with its policy. The New York Sun was unable to refrain from showing its joy in this Republican victory:-

"Massachusetts ranged itself overwhelmingly in support of the 'law and order' platform on which Gov. Calvin Coolidge, Republican, sought reelection today and swept him back into office, together with the entire Republican State ticket.

Here is an example of pure partisanship:-

"As if the Irish question did not have enough encumbrances to dishearten the ablest and boldest statesmen, there now is appearing the first evidence that a variety of poison gas has been stifling previous well intentioned and conscientiously constructed schemes of settlement."

During the last few years the best leading newspapers of the country have been making a persistent attempt at printing the truth and avoiding the spread of ungrounded rumors. Not only in important political news, such as war news, but also wherever possible, the authority is quoted. This is always in the lead, thus:-

"Helsingfors, Finland, Nov. 2—Petrograd has been without bread for the last two weeks, thousands of persons dying daily, according to information brought to Helsingfors yesterday by a Finn, who escaped from a prison camp at Moscow October 12."

Leads are usually long, since, as we have said before, they are supposed to summarize

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the important facts of the article. When one fact surpasses all others in importance, a brief, emphatic lead is best. For instance:-

“King Albert and President Wilson clasped hands today.”

The United States is at War.”

When a prominent world figure is the subject of the news story the first words of the lead are those of the name of the man.

“Theodore Roosevelt is dead.” The brevity of this lead made it by far the most effective of any which appeared in connection with the death of the Ex-President.

A newspaper may be judged by its leads.

The idea of a first-class newspaper is to avoid startling its readers with a distorted lead which it must qualify later in the article. A lead must never mislead.

Florence Madden, '20.

Vera Wardner, '21.

The Seniors entertained the Sophomores Saturday evening, January 17, in the society halls. Stunts were given during the first part of the evening. There was a clever representation of Freshmen “before and after” a month of college. Then came a hair-cutting escapade where the barber was just in the act of using the hedge clippers upon a fair one's locks when Miss Johnston appeared and saved all the revolutionists from disfigurement. Last came a take off on Madrigal Club, when the singers, taking characteristic attitudes sang “high” or “low” and even “flat”, so versatile were they in the art. Dancing finished the evening's pleasure.

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Vol. XXIII

Jacksonville, Ill., Feb. 1920

No. 5.

Editor-in-Chief	Esther Hetherlin
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Assistant Editors	Cora Cherry, Ada Clotfelter
Art Editor	Florence Collins
Business Manager	Blanche Seaman
Assistant Managers	Margaret Watson, Betty Bacon
Faculty Adviser	Miss Mary Anderson

Editorial.

A recent editorial in a large newspaper, in commenting upon the college-trained mind, informs us that it is not a mind stored with facts which will assure us success. Instead, as Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute indicates, success depends upon the brain whose capacity for high activity has been developed.

Then we are learning how not what. We are undergoing a period of brain development,—and that is only one form of training we receive,—which some have to forgo altogether, or else substitute personal endeavor to gain. Are we trying to store up these brains of ours to draw from in the future, or are we training them by activity to respond to facts?

That's a question worth considering. It holds in its answer a key not only to our intellectual position in this college of ours, but indicates something of our community usefulness now and some time to be. For can't you see that the girl whose brain successfully engineers a meeting, a committee investigation, or only a difficult social situation is in truth employing a deal of dynamic thought? Is not the girl who knows how to put "first things first" demonstrating mental activity thru train-

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ing? Perhaps the present world situation may be as vital as the recitation tomorrow at ten-thirty of the causes of the French Revolution. A trained mind reacts to these facts, and perhaps, too, learns how to "connect up" both of them.

The girl who has no time for a student activity, but "cramps" continually has the "reservoir brain" idea; while the one who always has time for the jolly things and no discrimination as to values in study demands exaggerates her personal and cramps her mental development.

This new semester with its stretch of months offers a training space for all of us. No doubt we will attack the task as vigorously as the heavy-apparatus class does theirs. Those of us who go at it with a new-dance step air will get about the proportionate results in active development; but those of us who strain a bit and bend to the task will acquire the mental growth.— So class fall in!

We have had some splendid Americans of whom we are justly proud. In the few centuries which have elapsed since the birth of our nation we have had our share of moral and intellectual giants who have helped to lead the world to higher levels. Yet it is not by its greatest men that the greatness of a nation is measured. Whatever rank America may have attained among the nations is due not so much to its Washingtons; its Lincolns; or its Edisons as to the intellectual and moral fibre of the average man. A prophet, however great he may be, will preach and plead in vain for social reform or improvements if the people to whom he talks are accustomed to thinking only in the narrow terms of self and its interests. A League of Nations will re-

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main unratified if the rank and file of the people cannot see beyond their own party or business interests.

What is the standard of the average American? Is he big enough to determine the policies of a great nation? These are questions worthy of the consideration of the college students in any nation. In a very few years these same college students will be a part of the great rank and file, each doing his or her bit toward determining the standards and policies of their country and their generation and each helping in some way to mold the citizens of tomorrow. What are you going to make of your America?

For the next three months the contributions to the "Greetings" are to be made by classes. The Freshmen will have as their number the March issue, and will be followed by the Sophomores and Juniors. The staff is looking forward to seeing the display of a lot of class talent and pep.

The World and You.

On December 31, over 7,000 students met at Des Moines to consider present day problems. John R. Mott, in the opening address said, "The world is plastic today but it is soon to set. The form it takes is to be determined by you." Do you accept the challenge? We have a stupenduous task before us but we, as college women, must not fail. If we have caught the vision of a new world, let us share it with others in our Y. W. C. A. meetings, our World Fellowship classes and other college activities. We, who are to be citizens of our country must learn to assume the responsibilities of our community before we can expect to be builders of a world. "As America goes, so goes the world." America is yours. What will you do with it? —G. H., '20.

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George Washington.

In February, our thoughts naturally turn to our great national heroes born in this month, and first and foremost stands Washington—that mighty figure to whom a great deal of the success of the present government is due.

Much has been said of Washington as a man, and as a hero; but there are few who realize the tremendous influence which this man had on his fellow creatures. When, in 1783, Washington returned his commission to Congress, he occupied such a position in the American political system as no man could possibly hold again. In a country where communication was slow, the knowledge that Washington favored a thing was enough—the people did not ask to know more.

After his resignation from the army, his influence was as powerful as before. He kept in constant touch with public men in every part of the country, and thereby was able to mould their plans by his own genius. His influence was probably decisive in securing the ratification of the constitution at the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, May, 1787.

By the unanimous vote of the electors, he was made president of the United States—it being said that the office of president had been “cut to fit the measure of George Washington.” His refusal to accept a salary as general or as president seemed, to the people, proper enough in Washington, but it would have been regarded as affectation in any one else. “It is possible that he might have had a crown if he had been willing.”

One is unable to follow the public events of his presidency without arriving at the conclusion that the victory of the new system was due to his existence.

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After all that is known has been said of his influence, perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to him—showing the love of his people—is to say that he was a true “father of his country.” —M. Miller, '22.

Belles Lettres.

We are glad to add Alene Dugger's name to our list of pledges.

Miss Nina Slaten and Mr. Roger W. Barten were married in Chicago December twenty-fifth. They will be at home in St. Louis after February first.

Miss Sieverdina Harmel and Mr. Fred J. Eden were married December 24th in Norfolk, Virginia. They will be at home 1446 Harvard Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Miss Geraldine Desmond and Mr. Porter Corrington were married at the St. John's Methodist Church at Edwardsville, Illinois on December 31st.

Miss Louise Gates, class '12, who is a Y. W. C. A. Industrial Secretary in Allantown, Pa. spoke in society meeting January 6.

Lambda Alpha Mu.

Cordelia Randolph '18 who has been quite ill, is much improved.

Mabel Weiss '18 is taking Teacher's Training Course in Evansville, Indiana.

An announcement was received of the marriage of Verna Pierce to Wallace Monier.

Georgia Flowers has returned for the second semester.

Lambda “Round Robin” was received and enjoyed as a part of the program at the recent meeting.

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Avis Crowder and Mildred Keys attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines.

Theta Sigma.

Instead of the usual program Jan. 6, Theta Sigma enjoyed an informal party.

Lavina Jones has taken a position as teacher of expression in Spearfish, State Normal, South Dakota.

Alice Haines was a week end visitor recently.

Alumnae.

Winifred Burmeister, '15 is head dietician at St. Luke's Hospital, Fargo, North Dakota.

Marjorie Barr is pharmacist in the Insane Hospital near North Madison, Indiana.

Ann E. Moore is on an insurance bureau in Chatfield, Minn.

Lena Gumerson, ex-15, is accountant with the State Telephone Association at Madison, Wis.

The College of Music.

The College of Music is fortunate in being able to resume the series of programs by visiting musicians. This series was made possible by the financial support of the student body and interested residents of Jacksonville. The offerings for the present season consist of a recital by the great French organist, Joseph Bonnet: a program by the Zoellner String Quartette: and a recital by Frances Ingram, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York City.

The Illinois Woman's College and the community at large feel a distinct sense of loss as Mrs. Florence

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Pierron Hartmann of the voice department leaves us at the beginning of the second semester after a service of eleven consecutive years. Her marriage to Mr. Hermann Scheffer of St. Paul, Minn. is announced for the near future. The best wishes of Mrs. Hartman's many admirers go with her to this new relationship.

Miss Louise Miller, a graduate of the College of Music holding diplomas from both the voice and piano departments, will succeed Mrs. Hartmann. Miss Miller has studied extensively in Chicago since her student days in I. W. C.; she has sung with great success in many places; among other engagements she has sung with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra directed by Mr. Oberhofer. Since her graduation Miss Miller has filled two separate teaching engagements with her Alma Mater. She will find a warm welcome extended by the College and her numerous Jacksonville friends and admirers as she comes to her third teaching engagement with the school.

The auditorium in Music Hall is one of the busiest places on the campus during these last months of the school year. It is in constant demand either for organ practice or rehearsal for recital. There are several formal recitals scheduled for the coming days; the informal recitals occur regularly on the first and third Thursdays of the month at 4:20 P. M.

Mrs. Kolp of the faculty of I. C. M. is enjoying a year's leave of absence. She is in Chicago studying with Dr. J. Lewis Browne, Mr. Howard Wells and Mr. Arthur Olaf Anderson. —Lula D. Hay.

(Florence Weber and Genevieve Coates out of doors on a cold windy day). F. W.—“We ought to have had sense enough to bring our coats.”

G. C.—“We did.”

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As You Like It—Or Not.

Contributions to this page should be addressed to the Editor in care of the "As You Like It—or Not" Department. Each letter must be signed with the full name, which will be withheld from the printed article by request.

Editor of the Greetings:-

To bob or not to bob; that is the question. Is short hair a characteristic of high evolution in hair dressing? For many centuries men delighted in having long and flowing hair. Through the centuries a great variety of hair dressing has been seen among men as among women. By the sixteenth century short hair was the style on the continent. After many regressions, such as wigs and other excesses, men have decided that short hair is the best style for all practical purposes.

If bobbed hair for girls is merely a passing fad, the fewer that indulge the better. But if short hair may be classed with low heels and ample width skirts as a mark of common sense in woman's dress, more consideration should be given to the matter. Some of the girls who have bobbed hair may not have done it from such a motive, but perhaps they have unconsciously helped along a good cause, by accustoming the public to the innovation.

I believe that the day is fast passing when a boy will appeal to his sister not to cut her hair by saying, "Aw, only tough girls have bobbed hair." The spirit of the independence of woman is one factor which, at last, leads her to claim for herself comfort and relief from the work and worry of flowing (or more frequently stringing) tresses. As yet no entirely satisfactory method of dealing with very straight bobbed hair has

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been found but we may consider this a transition period and hope for the best.

Bobbed Hair.

Bobbed hair, or the Bowl Cut antedated the arrival of the professional barber. Mother's scissors and a bowl did the trick for father and the boys. Lately the fashion was revived for children in place of "shingling." Then it began to appear in New York among those near-Bohemians who must advertise their artistic nature with cropped heads, smocks and sandals. Next it traveled west in guise of fashion, to be seized upon by those determined to be "different." Now it is seriously debated by some women and girls, and to bob or not to bob becomes the question. Some take it so seriously as to think it may become the custom, not fashion. Then it would be safe, they argue, to lose one's locks. Others argue for it as sanitary and convenient. No longer need one brush and braid long hair—merely take a weekly trip to the hair dresser for shampoo and trimming, and curl it daily. No trouble at all! To the onlooker the sight of some bobbed heads is sufficient evidence that no trouble is taken, at all events. The hair brush seems to have been discarded with the long hair.

Who is to adopt the new fashion? Not the tailor-made business or professional woman—her employer would not stand for it even if her own sense of fitness permitted. Not the social worker—she abhors the short-haired sisterhood. Not the teacher—she would lose her place. It seems to remain for the woman whose place is in the home.

Meantime, long haired sisters, bide your time. A hundred years ago and thirty years ago the fashion of short hair for women came—and went. Each time the long-locked lady had her revenge. And now she smiles

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thinking of the long hair cut—but laid away for future use!

They say there is a compromise possible for those who would keep their hair but hate to be out of fashion. Ten dollars "buys a bob" to wear over one's hair. Still, anyone can cut her hair. Many can wear wigs. But no one can imitate, though all truly envy, beautiful, well groomed long hair.

Art Notes.

The exhibition of oil paintings by American artists will be held from February 13th to 26th inclusive. There will be fifty pictures from the winter Exhibition of the New York Society of Artists, and it promises to be a very interesting exhibition and very representative of contemporary American Art. Among the noted artists who have pictures in the exhibition are: Jonas Lee, Roy Brown, Irving Conse, Eliot Clarke, Charlotte Cornau, Colin Cooper Campbell, Albert Groll, Felecia Waldo Howell, Francis Jones and many others of national prominence.

Georgia Flowers and Violet Davis have enrolled in studio classes since Christmas.

The illustrations for the Illiwoco are in process of preparation in the Commercial Art Class.

UNCLE RUBE'S PHILOSOPHY

Some folks say George Washington
He couldn't tell a lie
Three cheers for George, but
I've known folks who could
But wouldn't try.

'Taint the saints that can't be bad
That makes this cld world good
But those who've heard
Old Satan's voice
And all his wiles withstood.

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Dramatic Club Notes.

The Dramatic Club held its Annual try-out Monday, January 19th. The total number of girls trying out was twenty-five. Two girls worked together and staged a scene from a modern drama. We were proud of the ability they showed.

Two plays "The Trimplet" and "Nevertheless" were given before the College Hill Club, January 19th.
—L. S. '21.

Crumbs from the Senior Table.

Esther H.—"I like to cook but I like to cook for two."

Florence M.—"Why don't you exert your rights?"

Florence M.—"I think there should be some reward for those who serve all the time."

Miriam—"Don't forget, 'They also serve who only sit and wait.'"

Alene and Mildred confess that they have more than their share of the sauce. They say it is good, though Grace, at the other side of the table—says "I think it will taste good."

Alene—"Now when I took English History under Miss Mary Anderson we didn't make outlines, etc."

Miss Austin (in College Fundamentals): Miss Ewald, what is the mistake most commonly made in Geometry?"

Noami: "But, Miss Austin, I don't make that mistake."

Freshman theme: "And when she smiled her winning smile she revealed two rows of pearly teeth, a pair of pink ears, and a swanlike neck."

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The Calendar.

- 5—The population of Jacksonville is increased some 250. The Woman's College family is surely glad to get back together again.
- 6—Dr. and Mrs. McCord from South Africa are our dinner guests, and spoke in evening chapel.
- 7—This morning in chapel Louise Gates tells us about the Y. W. work among industrial girls.
- 8—Rumors of Junior-Sophomore Essay Contest begin to circulate.
- 9—We have the nicest snow— regular story-book world.
- 10—Dr. Blair, State Superintendent of School gives us a fine lecture after dinner. Also the Sophomores had a perfectly glorious sleigh-ride.
- 11—Convention reports are given at Y. W.
- 12—More Y. W. Movies after lunch.
- 13—Isn't this a hevingly day? Almost like spring.
- 14—Valentine's Day a month from now.
- 15—Mrs. Harker entertains the Faculty in honor of Mrs. Hartmann. The rest of us have picnic lunch.
- 16—This will be a memorable day in history. First meeting of the League of Nations, and also the official burial of John Barleycorn. A representative from French Universities speaks in Chapel.
- 17—The Seniors give the Sophs a stunt dance down in the Society Halls, while the Juniors entertain the Freshmen in the Social Room. Two parties in one evening. Aren't we the gadders, though!

Cant I. A Cant Erbury Tale.

A Sophomore fairy named Mary
Of curosimy had her sharey.
In her eaves dropping game,
She was quite overcame,
And now she has learned to be wary.

The College Greetings

The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

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March

'Tis the month of March when breezes blow,
When things awaken and want to grow.
When brooks again sing their merry song,
And dance and skip as they flow along.
When from the treetops birds lustily sing.
And herald the coming of radiant spring.

Oh the month of March is the best of all,
For the Freshman class has answered the call
Of the *Greetings'* staff, for a number so rare
That will exceed the pomp of Vanity Fair.
They'll tell you all of the college news,
And give you an idea of some of their views
So wiser you'll be when this number you've read,
And soon you'll be quoting what some Freshman
has said.

—R. E. G. '23.

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No. 6

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Editorial.

This is rather late in the day to make our bow to the school, but by this time we hope no formal bow is necessary. In other words—here we are! When we arrived in the fall we were overcome by the hearty welcome given us. It was so good to feel that we didn't have to get out our geneological table in order to be received in your good company. Our stupid blunders and amusing mistakes have been very kindly overlooked, and for that we have been very grateful. This new class of '23 is the largest that our College has had, so of course there are more of us to get settled. How this half year has flown and how we have loved it! "It is not what we do, but what we are." It is the big desire of the Freshman class to fulfill the expectations of our

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Woman's College. We have brought our very best selves here, and are showing to our new associates all that is finest in us. We are eager to build up that very best self by living up to the standards set by other classes. So with all courage and confidence we are starting on a four year's journey to pursue those principles which '23 feels are noble, and which will make for a still better college.

Are you interested in the clean-up movement which is sweeping the country? Of course you are, I just asked that in order to get a start. I'll bet you're even planning to organize some community, (any community will do) and paint the town white instead of red. Didn't Aesop or Virgil say that cleanliness should begin at home? So why not have an I. W. C. clean-up movement? Of course, we know that it would be easier for us to keep tin cans, paper bags, and other articles of beauty off the campus if the college would supply garbage cans in the halls. Then too, if we only had some sinks around the dormitories we wouldn't have to pour water out of the windows. But—well, we can't have everything even if the office does have an enormous surplus (of expenses) after we have paid our taxes, so let's just show people how college girls can overcome difficulties by making people realize that this is a Woman's College!

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What I Have Learned.

By the Class of '23.

A solemn-faced little girl came to her mother on the eve of her seventh birthday.

"Mama," she said, "I'm so afraid. Tonight I'm six and tomorrow I'll be seven. I'm so scared I'll wake up in the night and fell myself growing. Does it hurt?"

The members of the class of '23 have been growing mentally, over night as it were, and are ready to testify that it does sometimes hurt. The Freshman often feels as if she were a collection of blunders. Perhaps, during those first difficult days, she said, "You bet I do" to Miss Compton, or stepped on a Senior's toe while trying to make way for her on the stairs. But in spite of these mistakes, when about thirty were asked the question, "What have you learned, exclusive of lessons, during your first semester of college?" ninety-nine percent of the answers showed a spirit of true Freshman optimism.

Evidently the first problem was learning "How to live and how to keep house in one room!" Where oh where were the tacks, the yard-stick, the picture-wire and the hammer that were as much a part of home as the floor or ceiling? How much should one allow for curtain hems? What is the best method of hanging a picture?

When these problems were solved, the Freshman of the room gazed upon it with satisfaction. But two days later it seemed somehow less attractive. Finally she realized the truth. It needed cleaning!

When her trunk was unpacked her clothes were fresh and pretty. But soon dresses were mussed and buttons came off. Putting the clothes away neither pressed the dresses nor grew new buttons.

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So she got out the broom and her thimble and assumed a new responsibility,—looking after herself.

This experience was undergone by every member of '23. Elementary house-keeping was simple, however, compared with learning to live with a stranger, as the following remarks testify:—"I have learned the gentle art of compromising prettily," "to be more unselfish," "that I am not the only pebble on the beach"—one can't be happy with a room-mate without learning these things, as these answers testify.

Many other answers prove that there has been a revolution in the minor details of every-day life, in the eternal round of getting up, working, eating, playing and sleeping. Mother no longer calls, "Get up now, dear." The sharp little bell yells "Roll out," and six Freshman state that they have learned to dress like lightning in order to beat that little bell down to breakfast. One record was given as seven minutes, thirty and five-tenths seconds.

In regard to work, this answer speaks a volume of experience. "I have learned that you can't bluff here as in high school." If this were not written for such a supremely literary publication as the "Greetings", we should add, "Them's our sentiments, too!"

They who work must eat. The testimony of eight Freshman is back of this statement—taste is only a matter of education; for spinach, peas, liver, rice and cottage cheese have been admitted to good society by some who formerly passed them haughtily by.

Working and eating are important, but it is in learning to play at college that we must "become as little children" and begin all over again. There is a story behind this student's answer, "I have learned to go dateless and still exist." When "his" night came, and she

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realized that she was exiled in a desert of girls, she did not write him a letter, but set out to find an oasis in the desert. As she is "still existing," we surmise that she found not one oasis, but several, and "learned to appreciate folks," and to "mix with people", as others say they have done. Many answers dealt with similar experiences,—the overcoming of bashfulness and self-consciousness, and the realization that love and friendship are returned in the ratio in which they are given.

This learning is a constant process, occupying about seventeen hours of the twenty-four. No, Miss Proctor, it does not cease with the ten o'clock bell. For as you make your rounds, even though there is no light behind those closed doors, there are Freshman learning to undress in the dark, and they are rapidly becoming experts, too.

Please upper classmen, don't think that '23 has the erroneous impression that there is no more to learn. The money problem, for example, is one of which they were blissfully unconscious until recently. "Isn't it astounding," they ask, "the way in which money disappears seventeen or twenty-two cents at a time?" No Freshman claims to have solved this problem, they are only "trying to learn how to save."

In truth, we realize that we are only beginning to learn. "I know now how much I don't know," confides one Freshman. "She that knows not and knows that she knows not," teach her, for she is beginning to grow.

—M. F., '23.

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That Small-Burgh Newspaper.

Doesn't it give you a thrill, wanderers, to get a neat little package addressed to you and to find within the brown wrapper that old home-town newspaper? How comfortably you settle yourself among cretonne pillows to read everything in it, from the "Personal Vicinity News" to the "Wise and Otherwise" column. Nor do you fail to scan the advertisements.

Yes, you know that Sam Smithers helped Bill Spriggle butcher last week; that Art Ramsey's four legged freak calf has expired after having endured agony of several day's duration; that Miss Wazz Young has finished twenty-four lines on her new volume "How to Manage a Husband"; and that Mr. and Mrs. Blank held their annual divorce proceedings Thursday morning,—you know all this and more, for that little chum back home never misses any news or never tires of writing it, but nevertheless, those dear familiar names in print have a queer fascination, you will have to admit.

Did you ever, when looking through the Family Bible, run across newspaper clippings (yellow now with age) that reminded you of some of the events of your childhood? One announced in glowing terms your introduction into the Small-Burgh Society and especially stressed your father's great pride in you. It was the same little slip which had caused your father audibly to swear vengeance on the editor, but the vengeance, so someone later discovered, had been a box of cigars and a life-time subscription to the paper.

Six years later or thereabouts, that same 'baby girl' had annoyed her family and neighbors for a week by insisting that they read over and over again the account of the "Children's Day" program in which little Miss Bee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bee, had shown un-

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usual dramatic ability when she spoke "Roses on my Shoulders". No, she didn't understand it all but she knew her name was in the paper—that was sufficient!

Still a third read—"Last night, a group of friends gathered at the home of Miss Bee and pleasantly surprised her on her fourteenth birthday. The evening was spent in games and music and the guests departed at a late hour wishing their hostess many more happy birthdays."

And so the old home paper lives with you,—recording briefly in black and white your life just as you live it, every high school problem and good time, a glowing account of your graduation, and then a farewell in behalf of the neighborhood as you left for college. Later, when you shall embark on the sea of matrimony the "Shot Gun" will be loud in its praises of the young bride with her host of well wishers. Finally, there will be a notice to this effect:- "She leaves behind a legion of bereaved relatives and friends to mourn her death. One has been taken away from us, but her golden memory still lingers."

—Flossie McKinsey, '23.

Scenes Around the Campus.

Jimmy didn't dare put one of his restless, curious, little feet inside the I. W. C. Campus. Oh! No! He couldn't even look at it, he could only peep through the stately, dignified hedge which surrounded the vast tract of land that was owned by the Illinois Woman's College and which was enjoyed by its inmates. The first time he had ventured near its sacred precincts he had brought his little brother Johnny but they had fought all the way home as to whether or not there had been three or four gold fish in the fish pond. Johnny had been sure there were two, there was only room for

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two! Jimmy had noticed that when it rained, they had made room for one more, and during the spring months the pond boasted of three fish.

Ever after that he had come alone and had brought home to Johnny the result of his observations. He had seen many and many an exciting hockey game with other schools—and I. W. C. had carried them off the field. Not only in hockey but in tennis likewise—Once he had heard a girl say “love forty” but surely these girls weren’t Mormons.

Sometimes in the morning Jimmy would see cigars on the front steps and in winter he would see footprints of a man—yes of a man! but these were only on rare occasions. This had led Jimmy to think that probably twice a year the girls were allowed to “have a beau.”

Once Jimmy noticed some men repairing the side walk and upon close observance had found that this very side walk was wearing out on the South Side of State Street. He had followed the worn out paths down the street, around the square and had soon found himself brought up in front of Peacock’s. There the path had stopped! What was the mystery?

Once Jimmy had lagged along when his big brothers and some more fellows had gone over to serenade. He had expected the girls to clap or yell—but no! They had turned out their lights and had pulled down the blinds, and Jimmy thought that it was a shame for the big boys to have scared the little girls like that.

The greatest surprise had come one morning when he had seen some people come out of the chapel. First, he had seen some girls bearing a big placard saying 100 percent. What could all this mean? He noticed that three of the girls were holding their third finger on their left hands rather funny. My, but Jimmy wished

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that he knew more! The next group that came were carrying a book with I-L-L-I-W-O-C-O letters on it. My what a word! The third group that come were jumping merrily along holding a toy bank. What big girls to have such a little bank! The last group were too young and little to carry anything—Wouldn't they be fun to play with?

Jimmy wondered at all this and thought if he had been a girl, he certainly would get closer to I. W. C. than the hedge.

—M. Mc C. '23.

Dramatic Try-Outs.

"My dear, I am simply scared to death! I just know I'm going to be a punk failure!"

"Oh, I'm not. I think it's the grand sport! I just dote on acting anyway!"

"You certainly do look your part in that outlandish costume. I wish I had your confidence but my part isn't suited to me one bit. Imagine my being a middle aged business man!"

"Well, all I've got to say is that I'd rather be a middle-aged business man wearing comfortable clothes, than a young man with such tight ones that he couldn't even sit down."

Such were the remarks that would have greeted anyone who might have been eaves-dropping. The all important occasion for these both confident and nervous remarks was the long-expected dramatic try-outs.

Of course, since the Freshmen compose nearly one-half of the school naturally most of the twenty-six would-be actresses (or, if, occasion demanded, actors) belonged to that talented class although there were a few upper-classmen, who unfortunately, had belonged

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to Freshman classes not quite so renowned for their nerve as the class of '23.

So here at nine o'clock on Monday morning, January the nineteenth they all assembled in the Expression Studio. One would have laughed at the various costumes which, they said, were to make such a dazzling impression on the judges that their acting would be quite outshone. Here were maids of the fifteenth century, cooks and beggars besides prominent business men and naturally their wives who, quite different from real life, religiously tried to act middle-aged.

The high tension proved too much for memories. Everyone found her lines slipping into space. First one, then another would go into some vacant corner to locate her wandering words. Nobody wanted to go first, for each felt that another minute or so would take away that indefinable sickening feeling that she seemed to have. The news was spread, however, that every few minutes a new faculty member came in the outer door. Each girl mentally pictured Expression Hall rapidly filling up to the platform. Urgent appeals of "next after you" came from all sides.

The walk across the bare platform impressed each girl with how very large her feet were. A survey of the room showed about one-tenth of the imagined number, and those so far back that they could not be recognized, so that all took courage. Some failed to start at the first, but worked backward just as well, others found later that they had forgotten their most dramatic lines, those on which they were basing their success. In talking it all over after the excitement had subdued, everyone agreed that it had been great fun even if she didn't get in.

L. F. and M. H. '23.

The College Greetings

The Week of Prayer.

Preparatory to the Week of Prayer, President Harker gave the girls an opportunity to talk with him concerning spiritual matters. After conferences, helpful prayer meetings were conducted by Dr. Harker and the girls.

The chapel exercises and the evening services for the Week of Prayer were conducted by Dr. Harker and the several Methodist pastors of the city: Reverend G. W. Randall of Brooklyn Church; Rev. Gowdy of Centenary; Reverend T. H. Tull of Grace; and Dr. Pletcher, our District Superintendent. Fireside prayer meetings were led by Mary Louise Davis and Vera Wardner on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, respectively.

On Thursday, the Day of Prayer, inspirational class prayer meetings were held at the regular chapel hour. At ten-thirty, everyone assembled in the Chapel. After a Solo, "Tomorrow comes the Dawn" sung by Miss Lazelle, Reverend Pletcher spoke on "the Peril of Respectability." He emphasized the idea that respectability is a hindrance to Christian service because it has no definite standard. In conclusion, he made clear the fact that service for Jesus Christ is a most definite and real thing.

At the testimonial meeting in the afternoon, reports of the individual class meetings were given. The many interesting testimonies and short prayers given by the students and the faculty showed their appreciation of the Week of Prayer.

The privilege of attending the various services during the Week of Prayer and especially those on the Day of Prayer gave each Freshman a new realization and appreciation of the high ideals of our college. Upon first entering college last September, we Freshmen were oc-

The College Greetings

cupied in adjusting ourselves to the life and work here. Later, the outdoor sports and other activities occupied our thoughts and time. But now, this Week of Prayer has emphasized more strongly than ever before, another phase of ideal college life, and has given many of us a new and vitally important experience. We can now more fully appreciate the Christian standards of our own I. W. C. It has given each of us a new outlook and has helped to prepare us for our future life and work. Best of all perhaps, has it given us a deeper meaning of college life.

B. T.—H. K. '23.

The Debut of Ella Seeslots.

There's lots of ups and downs to college life, say the Freshmen, but they have nothing on me. I've been here for over ten years and I no more get my thoughts on a lofty plane than someone pulls me down to earth. One thing though, even if I haven't gained any degree, excepting a great degree of patience, I do belong to the D. A. R. (Don't Arrive Rapidly) and I have a wonderful collection of I. W. C. philosophy which I have gathered in my travels. My name used to be Ella Vator when I had a special girl to run me but now since all the girls run me, it is Ella Seeslots. Now girls, I keep on the good side of the faculty except when I'm broke, which isn't very often, so you know I'll hand you straight goods if you'll only let me stay in the Greetings.

—Ella Seeslots.

Ella Sez—

The one that is always knockin' the teachers is the one that would have nervous prostration if she got A on a test.

You can chew gum if you want to but the rest of us don't want to get stuck up about it.

The College Greetings

After some of us get to an eight o'clock class the biggest part of our day's work is done.

Miss Wakely is in favor of initiation end-fer-end-em, and recoil of judges.

Rachael Coontz can put a good edge on your hair, if you want a sharp head.

One Freshman thinks Section B had the easiest exam in English History. That Freshman was in Section A.

If some folks would count up how many days they get to stay here instead of how many days they have to stay they might feel better.

Freshmen may be funny things but there are some people who aren't even that.

The only thing around this place that doesn't work is the fire escape.

Mary Davis has written a paper on "The Care and Training of the Faculty."

Leatha Eilers believes that undirected play for the child will make it immortal.

If everyone would pay her debts maybe some of the rest of us could pay ours.

As You Like It—Or Not.

Do you know where the dates that you had at your last spread came from, or the lettuce for your salad? Do you know under what conditions your ice-cream was made or who handled your fruit? Well, these were some observations which we have made. The dates were in a paste board box, open to dust and germs. The man, who wrapped the lettuce, coughed in his hand before he took it. Thank goodness, we wash it before it is used, but we wish it could be sterilized. On the lid of the olive barrel lay a dirty dust cloth ready to drop its

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bacteria inside as soon as the lid was raised. Did you ever see what we saw when we went to buy ice cream? A young man behind the counter carefully combed his hair over the ice cream cans. Would you object if the clerk used his hands instead of his handkerchief just before he picked out your fruit? We are glad we can wash it before it is used. All this was not seen in one place but in several stores in Jacksonville. Is it any wonder that the influenza spreads so rapidly?

Although we cannot directly control sanitary conditions in the city, we can at least look around our own premises and see if there is anything we can do to stop the spread of influenza. Do you wash your dishes in cold water at the sink? If so, you are as much a criminal as the grocer who leaves the dates exposed to the air. Do you cough in your hand and then pass the cream pitcher? You belong in the class with the man who sold us the lettuce. Do you shake your dust mop out the window? Perhaps that dust floats in someone's open window and increases the chances for the spread of disease. Apple cores thrown out the window make excellent breeding places for bacteria.

If you are guilty, arrest yourself!

Say, people do you know what? We've been "pulling the awfulest bone" at recitals and we've got to right-about-face quick before anyone else finds out about it! In the 1920 edition of the Etiquette Almanac it says that it is the height of bad manners to carry on a conversation during an entertainment. Now, wouldn't that stump you? Mere we've been going along according to our country-school rules and thinking we ought to tell the family news to our neighbors so that if the pianist missed a note no one could tell it for the noise

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made. Well, I know since you've found it out you're as relieved as I was. Other folks families never did thrill me! —M. W. '23.

The Art Exhibit.

The exhibition of oil paintings by American artists was held in the society halls from Feb. 14 to 26. The pictures were varied in subject and interest, with several of the existent schools of painting represented. Jonas Lie and Jane Peterson had good pictures representing the Expressionists, both of them showing subjects inspired by the environs of Gloucester, Mass. Albert Groll, whose lovely "Rain Cloud in the Desert" was an inspiration in a former Woman's College exhibit had a lovely small canvas called "Sunset in the Desert", Edward Potthast an interesting beach picture and a most alluring canvas called "Early Evening, Canadian Rockies." Zuma Steele strikes an individual note in her "Gleaming Mountain", which is modern in handling, conception and suggestion. No finer animals have been painted than those by Edward Volkert in his picture, "The Pasture"—it is a very real as well as a suggestive canvas. "The Potter" by Irving Couse is another of the pictures of Indian life that awakens interest and admiration. Eliot Clark's "Cloud Drama" is a dramatic presentment of nature. Roy Brown showed a fine canvas called "Pines and Poplars"—a subject seen thru his individual point of view, and it was one of the best pictures in the exhibition—a fine record of a mental impression and decorative effect.

With the exhibition is hung a group of Miss Knopf's pictures which have been widely exhibited—her "September Morning on the Beach", which has been shown in all the large exhibitions in the country, "Cypress Trees on Cape Cod", and "Forest Fantasy", recently returned from several exhibitions.

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Theta Sigma Notes.

Alta Marie Miller was a week-end visitor.

We greatly regret that Gladys Hollin, one of our pledges, has had to leave school because of the illness of her parents.

Grace Hasenstab was a dinner guest on February 8th.

The annual Theta Sigma banquet was held at Colonial Inn on February 7th.

Dr. and Mrs. Harker, Miss Austin, Miss Knopf, Miss Moore, Miss Compton and Miss McCammon of the faculty and Lessie Hastings of Carthage, and Velma Hollenbach of Greenfield were guests at the banquet.

Kittie Bunting, Zay Wright, Erva Moody, Grace Hasenstab, Mary McGhee, and Marceline Armstrong were old girls present at the banquet.

An informal reception for the old girls and visitors was held in the society hall Sunday evening. The delightful program was much enjoyed. —T. B. '23.

Lambda Alpha Mu.

On Monday afternoon, February 9, the Lambda pledges entertained the old members at a Valentine party, at the home of Helen Gowdy.

The members of the society welcome as their new pledge, Janette Wallace.

Mary Harrison of Columbia City, Indiana spent a recent week end at the College.

Mrs. Paul W. Spink, formerly Miss Mabel Wyatt has returned to her home in Terre Haute, Indiana, after a visit with friends here. —P. F. '23.

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Belles Lettres.

We are glad to add Virginia Dinsmore's name to the list of pledges.

Mary Taylor was married to Percy Wilcox a year ago last October, and is now living on a farm south of Springfield. She has a little daughter who was born last November.

Alene Dugger's name has been added to the list of members.

The annuouncement of the marriage of Zoe McNeil to William Perry Sizemore has been received. They will live in Bartesville, Oklahoma.

We are glad to have Miss Miller with us this year as a member of the faculty. —F. W. '23.

Phi Nu Notes.

Monday, January the 19th, the members of Phi Nu were guests at a tea given by the pledges at Peacock Inn. After tea an impromptu program was given by the pledges.

Louise Pletcher left Sunday, February 8th for Champaign where she will attend the University.

Saturday evening, January 25, the Phi Nus enjoyed a party in the gym. After luncheon was served, the evening was spent in dancing, roller skating, etc.

The initiation banquet was held at Colonial Inn, February 28th.

We are glad to welcome Nancy Terwilliger and Helen Kent as new pledges.

—V. B., '23.

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College of Music Notes.

The outstanding event in the life of the College of Music during the past month was the organ recital by M. Joseph Bonnet of Paris, France, Friday evening February sixth. To praise M. Bonnet is a sacrilege. His magnificent playing that has held peoples of two continents spellbound, was brought to us here when he played on the Austin organ in Music Hall. We did not honor him because the house was crowded to its capacity and because of the wrapt attention given him; but rather he honored us by his offering. His program was delightful.

Miss Miller who succeeds Mrs. Hartmann-Schaeffer has already taken hold of her work with vigor and aggressiveness. She has won her way among the students by her beautiful voice, artistic singing, and personal charm. She brought with her, her own Steinway grand piano which has added very materially to the studio equipment throughout the department.

Informal recitals have been given on the afternoons of January 29 and February 12th. The gradual gains in the quality of work presented in these recitals is most gratifying.

Expression Notes.

A student recital was given January twenty-third. One number on the program, "Bella's Coming and Going," was especially interesting because of our acquaintance with the writer, Miss Lydia Rearick.

The Story Telling course under the direction of Miss Powell has been added to the Expression Department.

Miss Mabel Louise Gleckler, head of the Department of Expression 1914-1916, married Mr. Clay Curran.

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Supt. of Schools in Leed, S. Dakota. She will live in Deadwood, S. Dakota. Lavina Jones took her place in the S. Dakota Normal School,, Spearfish, S. Dakota.

—A. C. '23.

Alumnae Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas McDowell announce the marriage of their niece, Ann Marshall to Mr. Isaac Henry Orr on Saturday, the thirty-first of January, Oak Park, Illinois.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Shafer, a son Richard George, February 1 1920. Mrs. Shafer was formerly Miss Gladys Maine, and graduated from the Illinois Woman's College in the class of 1908. Mr. and Mrs. Shafer are now living at 1017 E. Sixth St., Duluth, Minn.

Miss Annie Hinrichsen, a former graduate gave an interesting talk at chapel January 20.

Eleanor Sherrel '19 is teaching Expression in the Congregational Training School, Chicago.

A Can't Be Buried Tale.

When money talks
What does it tell?
To most it says
"Hello, farewell."
When Miriam talks
What does she tell?
"Girls didn't you hear
That 10 o'clock bell?"
When the light goes out
What does it tell?
The nightly rounds
Of Hazel Dell.

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Lifes' Little Smiles.

Julia—(in Fundamentals) Well, now I know in one of the biggest universities—

Voices from the Rear—Princeton!

F. M. (refusing a second helping) No, girls I'll just have to be more moderate, I weigh 146 pounds.

F. C.—Well Florence maybe you weigh less since you lost your voice last week.

Sue Wade (after having tried the switch a number of times, the lights refusing to stay on) "Well I hope you don't feel bad."

Miss L.—Lois, you ought to be able to recite with all the aid you are receiving back there.

Lois—I might, but there's a difference of opinion back here.

Miss Austin (at table)—Girls, do you smell varnish?

Girls—(in emphatic chorus) My, yes!

M. W. (meekly)—I'm sorry Miss Austin, but I shined my oxfords so you know it took a lot.

Connie—What's it doing outdoors?

Vinita—Why it's frozen reindeer (rain dear).

Mrs. Moore (to departing negro)—Why are you quitting?

Hall boy—I'm tired of working.

Mrs. Moore—I noticed that when you first came.

Proctor (after losing patience is tempted to shake Maeryta)—I believe Satan must have a hold on you!

Maeryta—I think so too!

Miss Hills—Do you take cream in your coffee?

Helena—Yes, I like my coffee creamated.

Mrs. Moore (viewing a piece of candy left in the Main Hall)—Somebody must have let their gum drop.

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Kubota—Do you go A. M. or O. E.?

J. P.—Aren't baby shoes the cutest?

Joe B.—What did happen in 1776 anyway?

Ada C.—Spring is here! See my freckle?

Did someone miss an exam schedule?

Freshman privileges found in appendix of this issue.

Is he here?

Be a live one if it kills you.

You'd Be Surprised.

Our Woman's College is stepping to the front in exploration. Several amazing things have been discovered and testimonials given in the recent exam papers. For instance, did you know—

That high stepping will reduce weight?

That you should never let the comb scratch your head while brushing the hair one hundred times daily?

That as far as cold cream is concerned, the cream is no good but it is the messaging that helps?

That we should allow two pounds for each inch of weight?

That Miss Stanwood gives hygienic lectures?

That you should always raise the window while sleeping?

That you should never wear borrowed clothes as they may carry some germs that you are easily acceptable to?

That you should wash the teeth twice a day once?

That our clothing should be comfortable, but we should wear dark clothing in winter?

That the Spanish Armada was a glorious failure?

That England and Spain were growing navies?

That Pleasant's Revolt occurred in 1381?

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That William Rufus was a great man and Henry VIII
contributed his share to the divorce courts?

That Ben Jonson was an avowed satire?

That Bunyan became a Calvinist, later called Baptists?

That Milton was a conscientious and religious man but
he was more highly educated than Bunyan?

Selections from Expression I.

"Send the tidings upside down."

"She heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of the birds among the fleas."

"Sparks struck out from Paul Revere's hide."

Miss McC.—Frown and show more expression Miss
Peters.

Petey Dink—I can't, I just washed my forehead in
soap and it won't wrinkle.

Miss McC.—"Roll on," Miss Kirby.

Life's Little Styles.

Middies without ties

Hooks without eyes

Shoes without brushes

School without rushes

Freckles in due season

Callings without reason

Calls on Kubota

Checks to be wrote-a

Alarm clocks that awaken

Girls quite mistaken

Drills without fire

Results that are dire

Juniors that will shampoo

Or anything they can do.

So goes our school

By the Brown Book Rule.

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Calendar.

- Jan. 19—A rush for bulletin boards! Exams posted. Student recital.
- Jan. 20—Student meeting in Social Room to discuss dark secrets.
- Jan. 21—At Fundamentals while studying our physical preparations for exams we do not think it best to take a walk before breakfast, as there is danger of over-eating. Marguerete thinks there can be no harm done by the present breakfast rations.
- Jan. 22—Bishop Quayle eases our consciences as to onions and garbage cans.
- Jan. 24—Mrs. Sherwood Eddy at chapel.
- Jan. 25—Everyone at church. Why the religious outburst?
- Jan. 26—The question answered--engaged signs appear until after the exams.
- Jan. 27—Chapel abandoned. Exams are on!
- Jan. 30—Such a sameness in table conversation.
- Feb. 1—Exams ended. Lots of us go, but the rest have a gay time.
- Feb. 2—We register and send the bills to Dad.
- Feb. 3—"I have forgotten my yellow slip."
- Feb. 5—Day of Prayer.
- Feb. 6—Joseph Bonnet, the great French organist gave a splendid recital in Music Hall.
- Feb. 9—First fire alarm. Miss Compton prefers to burn!
- Feb. 11—Miss Anderson entertained Seniors in Social Room. Two men found studying in the library.
- Feb. 11—Peg Watson from her exalted position supplies fifth floor with special weather reports.

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BROTHERS.

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COLLEGE STUDENTS

Of course you are in College to work hard, but the old adage still holds true—"All work and no play, you know. Make your School Days pleasanter by adding some of our Electric appliances—A Chafing Dish, Toaster and Percolator, for those evening parties; an Electric Iron. Call in and let us show you the many articles we have to make School Days brighter.

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The College Greetings

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A Sophomore's Lament.

When first French verbs were brought upon my sight,
I sighed, lamenting much about my plight,
But when the quiz came, much to my delight,
I flourished and was a victor in the fight.
The midsemesters come—alas! I know I have no hopes of win-
ning o'er this foe,
But then one thought remains—that of the quiz,
"That was endured, so may I this."

Now, when that exam was o'er, I did prepare
For the term paper, and, at last, though with despair,
For when I got it back, it was marked "fair".
But now—ill fate—the finals are upon us
And 'though I tear my hair, and fume, and fuss,
And know I'll fail—a comforting thought is this:
I finished it. Surely then SHE thought me grief to spare,

The paper was endured, so may I this.
Exams over, then the teacher tried her best
To preach to me about that dreadful test,
But ah! why should I worry—when what I like best
Is near—that is— a much desired and needed rest.
But fate's against me ever—so it seems
For when, at last, my mother on me beams,
My father starts to talk about my grades—my one dear thought
is this:

The teacher's lecture was endured, so may I this.

—Mary Miller, '22



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Types, Not a Type.

During this winter of 1919-1920 the shortage of coal has been one of our greatest problems. In accordance with our modern civilization we immediately set about to find the cause and likewise the cure. The creator of public opinion, the periodicals of the day, tell us that the underlying cause is the age-long struggle of class arrayed against class. They say that the capitalists blame the laboring class, which in turn insists that it is the fault of the rich men. So it goes--back and forth without ceasing, each side gnawing viciously at its end of the bone of contention. And the cure? Well, that is yet forthcoming, and if you can produce it, your fame and fortune are secure.

There has been no end of discussion about the problem. We have heard the viewpoints of representatives from both sides, and outsiders have contributed liberally to the argument. But in order to solve the question, it is necessary to analyze the classes themselves. After all, what constitutes a class? Of what sort of people does it consist, and what light do they throw upon the situation? I am going to show you a new phase of the question. It is not intended to be an argument pro or con—it is simply a glimpse at the life of the coal-miner, as a representative of the Laboring class as I know it.

In the first place, the coal-miner refuses to be a type. He varies according to his education, and to the amount of money he has accumulated. It is generally accepted that most of the men who dig in the earth for our fuel are foreign immigrants. A great number come from England and Scotland in order to take advantage of our higher wages and better school systems. Also many come from Southern Europe for the same

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reasons. However a large percent of the coal miners is American. Because of the differences in nationality and education it is difficult to classify them, but in this particular community, the miners may be roughly divided into three classes, according to the locality in which they live. They are, in small-town parlance: those who live "up in town", those who live in the "Heights", and those who live "cross the tracks". Will you not go for a walk with me, on a summer's eve, that you may see them for yourself?

I wonder if it will surprise you greatly when you see that the homes of the miners who live up in town are not especially different from those surrounding them. They are scattered over the residence district, and are in no way labeled by the vocation of the owner. Now would you ever guess that a rough ill-bred man of the laboring class lived in that small white house across the street? The trees around the house are just as tall, and the lawn just as well kept as any in the neighborhood. The interior of the home is just as neat as the outside suggests. The good house-wife keeps it scrupulously clean, scrubbing energetically as though she were afraid some taint of coal dust might be detected. The furnishings are usually in good taste, although seldom luxurious. As for literary castes, on the shining library table you will probably find a Chicago daily, the "Popular Science Monthly", and the latest books of Harold Bell Wright's near to "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

The family does not often appear in public together, but we are looking at the house, they come out, and start down the street to the movie show. The children run ahead of their parents, and dance along just the same as other children on their way to see a movie. The father, recently black and begrimed in his work

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clothes, is now dressed like any ordinary citizen. His wife, soberly attired walks beside him, and they seem to be carrying on a conversation. Sometimes they are talking about the judge's new house; sometimes they are arguing about a bicycle for the eldest boy, and sometimes they are discussing politics. They do not speak in terms of the laboring class, nor the cause of Social Justice. No, this miner is telling his wife what the Peabody Associated Mining Company said to a representative of the National Union Council. Also, they are talking about the last order that Wilson sent out, and its probable effect on the Peabody Mines. The man is very sure of his opinions, and clinches his argument by the authoritative statement that the National Union Board thinks so too. He is not antagonistic toward the government, but speaks intelligently on the course of recent events. He does not rail at the powers that be—he only demands what seems fair to him. And he is a coal-miner, one of the laboring class.

As we walk on out further, there are not so many trees, and the houses become smaller. "Out in the Heights" is a misleading phrase, for the land is drearily flat, and the houses, row on row, are monotonous stretches of dingy grey. The little patches of "front yard" are not very well kept, and the sagging fences need paint. The interior of these houses is interesting. The taste runs to rather worn carpets, woven in huge floral designs and also to an incongruous miscellany of furniture. The large pictures on the wall depict violent color schemes in sunsets, tempting assortments of fruit—cherries, watermelons, and peaches, perhaps with a brace of partridges in the background, and very often there are enlarged steel photographs of Uncle Obadiah

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and Grandmother O'Mallory. There is likely to be an old pair of shoes on the stiff leather sofa, and a work shirt and miner's cap on the back of the chair. As for the books—they are few, but Zane Grey and Jack London are popular. There is a city library, you see.

At the hour of evening, the master of the house is usually sitting out on the front porch tipped back in his chair, with his stockinged feet propped up high. He is smoking his day pipe and reading the evening paper. His wife, stands in the doorway, hands on hips, watching the children play in the street. They shriek and shriek and run in boisterous play, slipping miraculously unharmed. The husband addresses a word to the woman in the doorway, and she comes out and sits down on the steps. As it grows too dark to read, the man lays aside his paper, and puffs silently on his pipe. Then he begins to talk. The new grocery across the street the way the garden patch grows, the Ford their neighbor has just purchased—all these occupy his attention for a time. Then comes the all-absorbing miner's problem of labor. He does not mention the Rights of Men or the General Social Unrest. But he does discuss the policy of the Peabody Associated Mining Company, and the approaching strike of the local union. These things are vital matters to him; they concern his bread-and-butter. His grammar may be at fault, but his logic isn't, and his opinions are based on a fair knowledge of the situation. The wife seated on the porch step, elbows propped on her knees, answers in monosyllables. There is a tinge of irony in her passive acquiescence to his assured statements. But the miner from the "Heights" fails to recognize it, and continues his discourse on rents and wages.

We leave them there, and walk out past blocks of

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similiar houses. It is getting darker, and by the time we are across the tracks, it is dusk. But the falling night does not entirely veil the dun-colored little-shacks, nor the pitifully bare yards. It has been a hot day, and the people are on the tiny porches and at the windows to get a breath of cool, fresh air. There is a continued chatter of foreign languages from house to house, and from the street come the cries and laughter of children at play. As they dash by us, they are wild little creatures, unkempt as to clothes, and uncombed, as to hair.

Further down is a house with lighted windows, and when we have reached it, we stop for a moment. Through the curtainless windows the bare interior of a room is revealed, and around the table in the center is a family group. A small tousle-headed boy is poring over an open book, and bending over him is a swarthy Italian, evidently his father, also looking at the book. On the other side is the mother, work worn and sloth-ernly dressed. She holds a large dirty baby in her arms, and is divided in her attention between him and the book. The window is wide open, and the boy can be heard saying; "D-O-G, dog, T'ree letters pushed together, and make a word like—well, like our Nicks. See a picture in the book! A dog like Nicks with a rat in his mouth, R-A-T, rat—"

The man straightens up, and looks at his wife.

"Dat like de new foreman say to us. He say de boss is de dog and a miner de rat. A beeg dog sheeks a liddle rat. He sheeks the money out a him—like de dog in de book, and he pointed to the picture. They bend again over the child's book, and we pass on.

In this one evening we have had a glimpse of the coal miner, and he represents for us the laboring class. Well, then, what is a class? We have seen the very re-

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spectable miner "up in town", the sturdy workman from the "Heights", and the illiterate foreigners across the tracks—all very different, yet all laborers. They are just as you and I would be with the same amount of money and education. Does not the whole truth of the matter lie in this? —that the Laboring Class after all is just folks!

—Ada Clotfelter, '22.

Hurrah for us, Sophomores!

It is a very unusual thing for both prizes to go to the same class in the Essay Contest—but aren't we an unusual class? We are mighty proud of all of our essayists and feel confident that had there been a third prize, we would have had a good chance at it, too. But if we Sophomores hadn't won, the next thing we could have wished for would have been to be as good losers as the Juniors were. If they had any fault to find, they kept it to themselves and were mighty good sports.

What's the matter with the Juniors?

They're all right!

Who says so?

We all say so!

Who are we?

The Sophomores!

Le-Devoir.

Come, for duty calls you, Sophomores—from the show,
Come, Sophomores, and forget the half-sipped Cope—
No longer leave your English Lit. undone
Nor let your history dates get intermixed.
But when, at last, all your hard work is done,
And all tired Sophs and dogs are gone to rest—
When only the tall Seniors are sometimes seen
To cross and recross the narrow strips of green—
Return, Sophomore, and again renew your quest.

—M. Miller, '22.

The College Greetings

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Editorial.

Every spring, on the first warm bright day, without fail, we have a visitor. With a yawn and a stretch she steals lazily in and dropping into a chair by the window, sits dreaming and looking out over the campus. Soon the six-twenty bell rings, but she merely settles herself more comfortably. Then comes the cowbell! Now Miss Spring Fever has a special aversion to the cowbell and she puckers up her face in a grimace of annoyance. Just now, Miss Average Girl, who is in the bed nearby, begins to rub her eyes and giving the cover a kick, puts one foot out on the floor. Then in the open window, she sees Miss Spring Fever. Fascinated she gazes at her—meanwhile moving the ambitious foot back beside its companion. Then with a soft and coaxing voice, Miss Spring Fever begins to speak. The breakfast bell rings, but Miss Average Girl still lies in bed while her charming young entertainer tells her how easy it would be to

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skip class, how nice it is outside, how disagreeable lessons are, how much she needs a rest, how interesting it would be to lie in bed all day and look out of the window! Now, Miss Average Girl—What are you going to do? Are you going to become Miss Spring Fever's slave or are you going to call in Policemen Pep and Determination and put out this fair young deceiver?

Ye Firedrills.

Now do you know it seems to me,
That some folks very funny be.
They even fear to go to bed
Lest roofs might burn from o'er their heads
And very much to my dismay,
They see Miss Johnston, and they say,
"Why don't we have a fire drill?"
And quickly she replies "We will."
Now if there's anything I hate
It's this, that I'm about to state
This constant, never ending fear
That I the fire bell might hear.
And when I go to bed at night,
It sometimes rings before 'tis light.
But let me give you a warning here,
That when that dreaded gong you hear—
You must not be at all inclined
To in your room remain confined.
For once I did not heed the bell!
But please,—must I my fate now tell?
Oh! night drills are to me a bore,
And their very thought I do abhor;
The other day a drill we had
That I would term as not half bad.
In fact I'll say—and this is straight

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That nothing else has happened of late
Which seems so much like providence
As did that drill in consequence.
For I was in a class that hour,
The teacher had me in her power,
And asked me sharply to relate
The very thing I could not state.
So when the bell ten taps did sound
No longer was I to be found.
Right up I jumped with conscience clear
Rushed down the stairway that was near
And out into the good fresh air
As if I never had a care.

Another fire drill I recall,
The most amusing one of all.
In morning chapel we were that day.
The Dean had barely said her say,
When all at once ten bells rang out
And we knew what 'twas all about.
Mr. Pearson stopped his hymn,
And after a very short interim,
A lively march began to play.
And just like any other day
We filed out-doors so straight and proud
And never said a word aloud.
But when I hurried in so fast
And thought of the event just past
And of Mr. Pearson playing there
And of the faculty in their chairs
'Twas then I began to be concerned
Lest in case of fire they might be burned.
But here I must not prophesy
They know their business better than I.
Since fire drills are here to stay

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My only hope—may they come by day!
And henceforth never may I be led
Some unearthly hour from my bed.
And that according to my opinion
Would quite improve this College of Women.
—L. Hurt, '22.

The Spectator.

“Quicquid aqunt homines—
Nostri est farrago libelli.”

Juv. Sat. I-85-86.

The Head Dress.

No. 1. Tuesday, March 9, 1920.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as the ladies' head dress. Within my own memory I have known it to take three steps in evolution. A few years ago it began to drape itself over the ears of the young women insomuch that the women began to appear very much like spaniels. Then it began to broaden out, this effect being accomplished by running the comb from the free ends of the hair to the ends attached at the head. In time the ear was completely covered and it began to be rumored about the men of our species, that the occasion for this custom of head dress was that the young ladies would not have to wash their ears so often, thus saving time. Not satisfied with this method they began to move the bundles of hair downward along the neck and to pull the rear portion of it outward, until viewed from the back the ladies had very much the appearance of a rabbit in an ill-humor. At about this time the ladies began to weary pinning up so many stray locks, so they enveloped the head in a net. Now, I admit that the ladies do often fish but I am not of the opinion that the head is the proper place for carrying the net.

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The women might possibly have carried still more fishing equipment in their hair, such as fishing poles in order to make the so called bobs extend out farther, had not some person, well meaning, foresooth conceived the idea of detaching the long hair from the head entirely. Thus in the space of thirty minutes at most, the hair which nature took so many years to grow to such a length was sheared off.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to improve nature. On every hand the works of nature surpass far the works of man and when we pull the hair into childish gewgaws, or clip it off entirely, we destroy the masterpiece of nature, the perfect form of the human head. —M. DePew, '22

Reflections of a Junior's Room-mate.

No. II. Saturday March 13, 1920.

There is not a class in school with so variable an accumulation of talents as the Junior class. Within my own memory I have known one member of this fortunate species to perform efficiently in one day, from fifteen to twenty "jobs" of varying skill. How they came to be thus skilled in so many paying occupations and just why they are so industrious at this time we cannot learn. Whether the whole class be in some grave financial trouble; or whether they are endeavoring to surprise us with something entirely new or especially nice in that "wonderful Illiwoco", is still a secret. For my own part, I think them quite clever to have contrived this method of meeting a financial need.

I have found it a most valuable, but rather expensive thing to cast within the same abode with one of their talented species of our variable tribe. Surely it is most dissatisfying when I pick up the shoe brush, which is the property of my room-mate, but the use of which,

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heretofore I have been allowed, to hear that cry, "Five cents, please", which has become so familiar that I am afraid to touch anything other than my own possessions or look at my bank account. I no longer ask for my money in dollar bills, but always in nickels and dimes. Sometimes the immense sign on my door makes me to tremble for fear I am having an hallucination and think I am entering the shoe shining parlor down town, when in truth I am entering my room. Great indeed is my relief when on entering I see my little room-mate working off her surplus energy on a pair of those leather bank notes which we wear on our feet. As my friend Hat has humorously described it:

To live within our rooms these days
Is worse than death to me
I can't divert my simple gaze
Unless some shoes I see.

—Gladys Laughlin, '22.

Every Soph.

(A morality play of the twentieth century)
Queen High Cost of Living—

Alas! How dull and wearisome hath been life this past month! Since those club women have signed that wretched pledge, they refuse to acknowledge me any more. I must have some followers or I will be utterly destroyed—Oh! the college girl! She seemeth to take great delight in spending money, and especially do the Sophomores seek pleasure without ceasing—Oh, luck is with me today. Here comes Every Soph in her tireless pursuit of pleasure.

Every Soph: (bewildered) Why, where am I? I was having such a spiffing time that I noticed not just where

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I was. And who, pray tell, art thou? I have never seen anyone like thee around the Woman's College before!

Queen: No? Well I have been there many, many times, existing only as an invisible force. I am a powerful queen and it is in my power to give to all people who follow me all manner of pleasure—sumptuous banquets, gay parties, beautiful clothes and many more delightful things.

Everysofoph: But I would like to see some of these pleasures which will come to me by following thee.

Queen: (smiling) Indeed thou mayest. (To messenger) Bring in Chocolate, Pie, Ice Cream Soda and Candy.

(Everysofoph is delighted but wants to see more. Enter Pop Corn-ball, Fruits and Flowers, followed by several Movie Stars, and many little creatures, Silk Stockings, Georgette-Blouses, Jewelry, etc.)

Everysofoph: And thou sayest that by following I may have all of these pleasures?

Queen: Assuredly, and many more besides. Oh my subjects are a gay and happy lot!

Everysofoph: If in truth, thou canst give me all of these pleasures, then I will gladly—

Cries are heard: Stop! I'm coming to thy rescue! (Enter Economy) Do not commit thyself yet, Everysofoph. Thou must see the other side of the question and judge squarely for thyself. (The Queen is casting black looks at Economy) In the first place, dost thou believe that this powerful queen will give thee all of these pleasures through all thy life without forcing thee to pay for them in some way? Yes, she will force thee to needlessly throw away thy money on her, and then when it is all gone, thou will be so tight in her clutches

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that thou canst not leave and wilt forever be chasing vain and empty pleasures.

Every Soph: Nay, I hadst not thought of the price of my pleasures or their consequences. Let me see some of the pleasures thou canst give me.

Economy: Mine are not as picturesque and alluring as those of the queen. As thou givest up all the petty pleasures, thou wilt soon have no desire for them. To be sure, it will be necessary for you to work, but through thy own experience thou knowst the joy that comes from a knowledge of work well done. Thy pleasures must of necessity be simpler, but thou wilt enjoy them more than the vain, empty bubbles that the queen will give.

Every Soph: Now that I see both sides of the question, Economy, I pray thee let me sign the pledge thou carriest with thee and I will be one of thy loyal supporters.

—Hazel Dell, '22.

The Rape of the Lock.

What mighty numbers follow one example!
How many orders come from just a sample!
I sing—This verse to Marcell, Muse! is due;
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view.
Great is the subject—but not so the praise
From those who frown and disapprove such ways!

Sol through the curtains shot a timorous ray,
The cowbell jangled it unwelcome lay.
The roommate hurried down, when dressed,
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed.
Around her head in glorious array
Kid curlers shyly peeped to greet the day,
And so she slept, and time did pass.
—Three minutes before the eight o'clock class

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She opened her eyes and grabbed a shoe
And hurried as fast as one could do.
But when she started to comb her hair
She heaved a sigh of great despair—
T'was curled so tight, you'd even doubt
A monkey wrench could get it out.
With frantic sweeps she used the brush
The bell had rung—she had to rush!
And so she put some water on,
—At once that awful fuzz was gone!
In damp and clinging strings it lay,
She pulled and jerked and ratted away
Silently she cursed it all the while
Then, at her ear, she heard the gnome called Style,
“Why don't you cut it? Many others do!”
A devilish little sprite behind him came—
“Go on and cut it—Oh! She isn't game!”
Before Belinda could collect her wits,
Great hoards of fairy creatures added bits
Of tempting counsel to her ears,
While one and all advised the shears!
“How nice 'twould be to swim without a cap!
How it would never tangle in a nap!
How little combing! What little care!
How others would with envy stare!”
But through the crowding, urging throng
A limping pale nymph pushed along,
And swaying before her in the air,
Said, “Someday you'll want back your hair!
Someday there'll be a growing out!
Someday—” then they all flew out.
And as they vanished off into the air,
Belinda viciously yanked her hair.
Then she sat down and wrote a letter home,
While on her pen there sat a crafty gnome.

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—“Dear folks:- My hair is coming out,
I'll soon have none, there is no doubt.
I've thought it o'er with many a tear,
—It must be cut, I sadly fear!
It breaks my heart—but to allow
For future good—I'll suffer now!”
Then to the barber shop she skipped
Before her resolution slipped.
But as the scissors slashed her hair,
Her head began to look quite bare.
With feeble smile she paid the check,
And wanted to wring the barber's neck!
—Straight into the hairdressers chair,
Where she had curl put in her hair.
With every curl her spirits rose,
(One lock hangs down above the nose!)
And now her roommate has hers cut,
And her best friends, and theirs, but—
Is Belinda fond of her close clipped coif,
Or like the fox with his tail cut off?
But cease, bright nymph! to mourn short hair!
Tell not Belinda that she is not fair!
When many suns have set, as set they must,
All of our tresses shall be nought but dust!
—at any rate, Belinda's brave,
She dared to do what others crave.
And while we scorn her shortened locks,
We lack the nerve to be a fox!
—Margaret Hamilton, '22.

The Student Volunteer Convention.

The Ninth Central Illinois Student Volunteer Convention was held February 27-29, at Peoria, Illinois. Representatives from several of the colleges included in the “Little Nineteen”, were represented. Among

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these were Carthage, Hedding, Augustana, Monmouth, Blackburn, Millikin, Normal, Illinois Wesleyan, Greenville, Bradley and Illinois Woman's College.

The principal speakers were: Mr. Blaisdell from India, Dr. Sloan, a medical missionary from China, Mr. Zwemeri a missionary among the Mohammedans of the Near East and Miss Constance Ball, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

Throughout these meetings no one was urged to become a student volunteer but the conditions of the foreign countries and their dire need of workers, were set forth so squarely, that the appeal made was indeed forceful.

—H. Blaisdell, '22.

The Life Service League.

A conference on Life Work was held here on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23, in connection with the Inter-church World Conference on Life Work.

Arlo A. Brown of the Board of Sunday Schools and Victor W. Thrall of the Centenary Conservation Committee, were the members of the team who arrived. The others unfortunately were detained.

On Tuesday Dr. Thrall spoke in chapel and then during the day there were personal conferences. At the chapel service on Wednesday both Dr. Thrall and Dr. Brown talked on the importance of choosing a life work while in school, and showed the fields open to college trained workers and the great demand for them.

Tuesday the local Life Service Council had luncheon in the Sewing rooms, and then discussed future plans. The Wednesday luncheon was for everyone especially interested in the various lines of life service. Dr. Ross and Dr. Parker, missionaries to India, were guests at the luncheon and gave appeals for more workers. There was a splendid attendance and much interest was shown throughout.

—Josephine Brown, '22.

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Belles Lettres.

The annual initiation and banquet of the society were held in Belles Lettres and Phi Nu Halls, Saturday, February twenty-eighth. The toastmistress was Mrs. Chester Hemphill. The program was as follows: "Service" Alma Blodgett; "Sincerity", Helen Poole; Piano Solo, Marjorie Taylor; "Guidance", Isabel Woodman; "Hope" Florence Madden; Vocal Solo, Miss Louise Miller; Belles Lettres Song.

Guests of the Society were: Dr. and Mrs. Harker, Miss Storrs, Miss Jones, Miss Anderson, Miss Johnston, Miss Compton, Miss McCammon, and Miss Kitchen.

Former members present were: Mrs. Gates, Miss Miller, Miss Powell, Mrs. Emily Jane Allen Fay, Mrs. Barbara Weber Fairchild, Mrs. Winifred Robison Strawn, Ruby Baxter, Hazel Prutsman, Katharine Madden, Gertrude Onken, Johanna Onken, Marian Mears, Mrs. Geraldine Desmond Corrington, Gertrude Wilson, Irene Irwin, Irene McCullough, and Gladys Rudolph.

A breakfast for the former and present members was given in the Hall, Sunday, February twenty-ninth.

The pledges entertained the members at a waffle breakfast at Peacock Inn, Monday, February twenty-third.

Frances Crawl has accepted a position as reporter on the Evanston Daily News Index.

Lambda Alpha Mu.

On Saturday evening, February the fourteenth, the society had their initiation banquet at Colonial Inn. Mona Ramsey acted as toastmistress. The toasts were: "On Friendship Street", Marian Humphreys; "Fruits of Friendship", Dorothy Remley; "In the Playground of Friendship", Veriel Black; "Castle of Friendship", Grace Harris, and "Friends, Old and New", Ruth Kuss.

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Old members who were back were: Gladys Jaquith, Viola Iungerich, Frances Hinchman, Maude Collins, Harriet Coleman, Ruth Kuss, Bess Seward and Cordelia Randolph.

February 17, the initiation of Lambda Mu was held. Pauline Farmer, Helen Gowdy, Grace Styles, Anna Louise Ward, Eunice Olinger, Doris Hamilton, Helen Harris, Marian Humphreys, Jeanette Wallace, Ruth Gillespie, Clara Powell, Helen Houston, Lorraine Sylvester and Margaret Merker were taken into full membership.

Theta Sigma Notes.

Rachel Rexroat who had a very serious operation several weeks ago is able to be up and around again.

Last Saturday evening a surprise birthday party was given by Miss Anne Floreth. Those present from I. W. C. were Gladys Goodale, Helen Blaisdell, Ada Clotfelter and Hazel Dell.

On Monday February 16 the pledges entertained with a theater party, followed by refreshments at Peacock Inn.

On February 24th we received into full membership; Helen Carpenter, Ruth Rowell, Ruth Haywood, Mildred McCloud, Janice Swank, Inez Gish, Suzanne Rhinehart, Hazel Dell, Doris Downey, Louella Kneales, Bessie Thayer and Harriet Watt.

L'Agreable.

One morning—Alas!

Not touut de suite!

A maid,

Came to French class

In a robe de nuit

Arrayed.—Translated from French by

Wace.

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Music Notes.

Mr. Pearson has given two vesper organ services, the first one on Sunday, February 29 assisted by Miss Miller, and the other given Sunday, March 21. Miss Moore assisted on the violin. These recitals have indeed been inspirational.

Miss Lazelle sang in the "Messiah" early in March in South Dakota. She has since given a recital in Springfield.

Dramatic Club.

In the evening of March 4, the Dramatic Club held a meeting in the social room and initiated fifteen new members.

The "old" members were well entertained by the original stunts given by the "new" members. They were not only entertaining but educational as well, as some of the actors made use of their opportunity to tell the "old" members what they thought of them. The meeting adjourned after refreshments were served.

Expression Notes.

Two recitals were given by the students of the Expression Department during March, one the 5th and the other the 19th. In both recitals the readers showed ability and good training.

Tuesday evening, March 16, Miss Mammie Kennedy read a cutting from Ernest Denny's play, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" at the open meeting of the Tuesday Club held in the rooms of Supt. Hill at the State Hospital.

On March 15th, Miss Constance McCammon read J. M. Barrie's popular play, "Alice, Sit by the Fire." She showed remarkable ability of character portrayal and in each of the roles, we saw a distinct, individual type. With her pleasing personality and charming stage pres-

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ence, Miss McCammon proved herself to be an artist in her line of work.

The Tatler.

E. B. at lunch—"Miss Miner, may I be excused early? I have to go and work on my Latin."

A. B., after recitation, "Betty, what did you do when you were excused from lunch?"

Freshman—"I'd ask my room-mate to buy me some oranges but I'm not sure she can unless someone goes with her. She has never bought anything but Hersheys."

Before "Cloud Drama."

Mr. W.—"Well, I'd want my umbrella!"

Mr. X.—"I think I'd better go put on my chains."

Boys, before "Elizabeth, Black and Rose"—"I wish I knew that girl."

Mr.—, leaving, with a sigh of relief, "Well, I've seen enough pictures now to last me the rest of my natural life."

Note made by conscientious observer from the grades, "Sunsit on the Desert. This is a Sunsit on the desert."

Peeps In a Diary—Or Pep?

15th (Lord's day)—I rose and set forth to Church this morning, which did make me fain to approve of my endeavors, seeing that it do not be compulsory and that the plague of influenza hath great abundance.

16th—Arose this morning and did decide to wash my hair. From thence I was called, while the soap was yet prevalent, to go and be in the Sophomore picture which I could not do, not yet wishing to remove the soap.

17th—Dr. Thompson did come which did please me very greatly, but which did also trouble my mind against anon classes did take place. To chapel where Dean did request schedules to be penned, and where Sir Pierson did get much troubled presently by reason of

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strange groans and growls causing the organ to much sport.

18th—To class where I was dismissed a bit early by reason of a fire drill. I do not know that I could have been excused from all classes after lunch, only by reason of making haste to get my schedules in.

19th—Observing a gathering in the social room, I did go by reason of curiosity and found it to be the essay try-out. I do believe that Dr. Thompson hath had some trouble finding her way up from her classes today, and as I did see her appear troubled, did direct her to the stairs, with which she did seem well pleased.

20th—To the art exhibit.

21st—At night to the Washington party, by reason of which, I did have to pay fifteen cents for the use of a Junior's silk bloomers, as I could find no other person having two sets.

22nd—Did set myself to brush the powder from my hair and did not find time to attend morning church.

23rd—Tonight I did go to the play of Hedda Gabler, but did miss the greater part of the last act by reason of forgetting which line I did plan to remember and stop up my ears and thus avoid hearing the last pistol shot, which sound has always troubled me.

24th—About seven at night, after we had dined, I did go the social in the Art Exhibit and having only eight cents, it did trouble me much when I dropped one cent on the floor and have not yet found it.

25th—I did take a long walk today and did see a robin.

26th—I did see two robins this morning.

27th—I did see no robins on this day, but when I was walking after lunch, I did find a hen egg in the fence corner.

28th—Did observe many strange faces in the halls, by reason of society banquets, as I presume.

29th (Lord's Day)—A very odd day by reason of occurring only once in four years and I did attend church this morning as well as Sabbath School.

1st—To the essay contest at night where I do believe I have never heard such great noise and sound. I

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did enjoy the Sophomore voices as well as their songs and do think the Junior's would have been good could I have heard them. I did run my foot through a lady's silk skirt when the judges' decision was announced. This did trouble me much until I saw that she did sit on my spring hat, and that did trouble me more when I did remove it and see the condition.

2nd—The Life Service League did come today and I did have a conference with Dr. Brown and did carry away two chocolates for desert by reason of not eating between meals during Lent. I did decide to be a teacher.

3rd—Today it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for several years. I did read in the evening paper that teachers are having salary troubles and have decided not to be one. (Teacher, not salary trouble).

5th—I did decide to keep Lent this day and refused a second helping of meat at dinner.

6th—Freshman did give party for Juniors.

7th (Lord's Day)—Special called meeting of W. C. T. U.

9th—In the morning at chapel, the fire alarm did sound and I did believe Mr. Pearson would be burned in a real fire, as he did play the organ until we got out. It did make me fain to stand on a seat and recite, "The Boy Stood on The Burning Deck."

10th—Miss Willard did speak to us in chapel.

11th—Miss Willard did speak to us again today.

12th—Did attend Study Class this evening.

13th—Sophomores did beat Seniors and Freshmen did beat Juniors in a basket-ball game this night.

14th—Phi Nu's did desecrate the Sabbath by wild yells and eating of tempting foods of which I was not asked to partake and which did trouble me much, inasmuch as I was quite hungry.

15th—Did have pancakes for breakfast, but very pleasant pie for dinner, which was of the custard species but not chocolate. I did hear Miss Constance McCammon at night in Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire, which did give me very great pleasure.

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IMMORTALITY

ELEANOR THOMPSON

I seemed to stand alone in Flander's Field
 Beneath the star-kissed canopy of night,
And listened with my soul attuned to hear
 The evening zephyrs play in minor key
A sweet, sad requiem to these countless dead.
 And as the myriad of crosses met my view,
I yearned to know the why of death to these
 For whom life's fullness had but scarce begun.
Had years so few, so short, for them sufficed
 To finish tasks the Father had in mind
When first He gave to them the breath of life?
 The winds, in fancy, whispered in reply:-
"Death does not limit now, nor weakness thwart
 The task to finish and the hope fulfill."
And night sped on, the while I pondered o'er
 The life that is, and that which is to be,
Till Dawn, the Day King sent his roseate shafts
 To ope' again the blossoms at my feet.
O, poppies red, of still yet brighter hue
 In years to come, since thou wilt spring
From soil enriched through willing sacrifice,
 You bring a message to my listening ear
Of the rich heritage we too may share.
 Born of the blood our country's manhood shed,
With broader vision than their sires of old
 Who died to make their own blest country free,
These gave their all to rest from tyrant hand
 A world to share our glorious liberty.



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Vol. XXIII

Jacksonville, Ill., May, 1920

No. 8.

The Woman Citizen.

Isabel Woodman.

In the present social and political chaos of the world, there is one source to which nations may look for help and inspiration. Woman is the world's new citizen. She has been tried and tested in the crisis of the great war and has not been found wanting. Woman, today, holds a new place in the community. From a position, that for centuries has involved only home duties or social pleasures, woman's sphere has broadened until now it penetrates into every highway and by-way of the world's activity.

In the future life of the nation, the city is the most important factor, and our greatest social problems are the outcome of the phenomenal growth of American cities. Now that the American woman may vote, it is her privilege and duty to lend her efforts toward making the city a better place in which to live. At present, there are twenty million women voters in the United States. Let us consider, therefore, the power which these women will hold in their hands at the next presidential election. In casting their ballots they may mold not only the policy of their own community but also that of the nation. Before our country today, there are great social problems crying for solution and if woman is to be true to her vision of a better world, she will support that party which embodies in its platform the principles that make for social justice.

Our United States, the country to which we proudly point as the most democratic of nations, has been the slowest to realize and act upon the need of social

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legislation—that legislation which protects the health, happiness and well being of the people. England, France, Australia, New Zealand and even Germany, all realize the value of human life and have effective national laws to protect it. The reason for the laxity of the United States in this matter, is that our government has stood firmly for the right of each state to make its own laws and in the majorities of countries over seas, the courts have denied the Federal infringement of State rights. For example, after years of struggles and agitation, America succeeded in obtaining a national child labor law, only to have it declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. To be sure, nearly every state has a child labor law of some kind, but no two of these laws are alike and none of them are properly enforced. In Illinois, recent investigation shows hundreds of eleven year old children going to work daily, unmolested by authorities. This condition is typical and yet we allow it to go on, unchecked, except by varying, inefficient laws. Realizing this need for a well enforced national law, every American woman will give her support to the party which promises a speedy reenactment of our Child Labor Law.

This has caused all countries to realize that upon the welfare of its children depends the prosperity of every nation. By special act of Parliament, England has appropriated national aid and care for mothers and babies. New Zealand provides public nursing stations, nurses and medical aid to mothers in sparsely settled areas. The very high death rate of maternity and infancy in the United States, makes this a vital question to American women. They must demand government aid for maternal and infant welfare in the remote, thinly populate, rural districts and in the overcrowded in-

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dustrial areas of our large cities. Under the sponsorship of Julia Lathrop, a bill was introduced into the last congress which appropriated funds for infant and maternal welfare in rural communities. However, the bill was tabled in order to give the senators more much needed time, to debate the pros and cons of the tenth reservation to the Peace Treaty. If the strong public opinion of women be aroused, such a law will be passed, and instead of laws promoting the scientific raising of live stock, we shall find legislators appropriating funds for safeguarding the child life of America.

The construction of whole communities around war camps and war industries has brought housing into the limelight as a civic problem. This war-time activity has aroused local communities to the problem and already Washington, Oregon, California, Iowa, New York and several other states have started some sort of a housing movement. The housing problem involves, first, "zoning", which means the regulation of buildings in a city as regards height, area, use and location, so that whether the building be a factory, or a home its occupants may have their share of light, clean air, and pleasant surroundings. Zoning safeguards the residential district, confines industry and business to its own district, and prevents such incongruities in city planning, as a livery stable next to the Public Library or the hospital next to the railroad station. The housing problem also involves efficient, adequate street planning, water supply, lighting and sanitation facilities. The housing committee of the New York State Reconstruction commission, after a survey of New York City and smaller communities in the state, had drawn up a housing program which includes investigation followed by legislation. The committee found housing for

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wage earners deplorably inadequate and advised the aid of the state, long-time loans to enable wage-earners to build their own homes, also legislation which fixes a maximum number of families per acre and sets the standard of light, air, sanitation and public utilities. The tenement house, with its hundreds of families crowded into one city block, and the deterioration of property value by the encroachment of an undesirable building or enterprise, would thus be impossible. The Illinois Zoning law endorsed by Governor Lowden and introduced into the state legislature last summer, provided for the adequate solution of the housing problem in Illinois. The constituents of the bill believe that, in a decade, this legislation would be the means of doing away with the congested, filthy, tenement districts of Chicago and our other cities. The Chicago landlords, however, sensing a danger to their interests, went to Springfield in a body and literally forced the tabling of the bill. The Cincinnati Better Housing League has shown with practical results, how housing may be improved, by installing in the schools, lectures and classes teaching the children the value of light, air, cleanliness and the proper care of a home. Upon the creation of a strong public opinion depends the success of social betterment movements, and if women will unite in demanding housing legislation, the standard of living conditions will be raised and better housing will result.

It has been, and always will be woman's particular mission, to aid the world's unfortunate, so if this, and other social problems are to be successfully met, woman must be educated to intelligent citizenship. The League of women voters has inaugurated a woman's Americanization campaign and to accomplish its ends, citizenship schools are being established all over the country. The

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league is non-partisan and seeks to educate the electorate so that all women voters can speak English and read their own ballots, and to educate the foreign woman to vote intelligently on civic problems. To interest the foreign woman citizen in her own community and to make her feel that she is an integral part of it, is one of the surest, most effective means of Americanization. The citizenship schools are in conjunction with the public schools and here the women who have already learned much about private housekeeping, are learning to be efficient public housekeepers. If women are to be intelligent, effective citizens they must be educated to the problems and responsibilities of civic life, and the citizenship school movement affords the medium thru which this can best be accomplished.

We are constantly being told by writers and speakers, that the dawn of a new day, an ideal era is at hand. But, if there is even so much as a faint, rosy tinge in the sky, it is entirely obscured by dark clouds of social unrest. The mass of American people are struggling blindly along a hard road, unable to perceive so much as a glimmer of light ahead. If American women are to be a source of hope to the country, they must awake to the individual responsibilities of citizenship. If this widely, advertised "new era" is to come into sight women must add their weight to public opinion, not in ineffective murmurings, but in a mighty wave of twenty million American women, lifting their voices in the cause of a better world.

After Miss Austin's stump speech on Wood, someone voted for Lowden for Athletic Association President.

The College Greetings

The Debating Club.

Henrietta Destouesse.

Two girls had been roommates for a few days and from the first day they had been discussing all the time. Surprised at their thoughts, they said, "We have such beautiful ideas and the world will not know them! What must we do to prevent such a loss?"

The creation of a debating club was decided and the most quarrelsome students were chosen as members. The risk of such an enterprise was clearly seen by the two girls. Truth is always dangerous to tell. Galileo was persecuted for saying that the world was round. Shall we go on? Heriocrally they answered: "No hesitation."

What subjects shall we discuss? "From whence do we come? Where are we going?"

"About the Philosopher's stone."

"The quadrature of the circle."

"The plurality of the worlds."

"They are questions of thinking interest, but for the beginning we must be modest." So, one of them proposed for the first meeting, "Why it is good to clean one's bed room?"

The other accepted, but thinking that a well trained mind must be able to argue as well on the positive side as on the negative, without any personal opinion, she took the negative because her room-mate took the positive.

What new light will shine out of those meetings we do not know. Time, master of all things will tell us.

P. S. The Secretary of this club is more than anxious, for, the club being still too poor, she will not be allowed to write as conclusion. "The meeting had a high interest: We had ice cream, cake and coffee."

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JUNIOR STAFF.

Editor-in-chief	Vera Wardner
Associate Editor	Marian Jane Robison
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Joke Editor	Melba Hamilton
Faculty Adviser	Miss Jones

EDITORIAL

We who are awakened every morning by the joyous song of the cardinal and the pipe of the meadow lark, feel a certain throb of gladness that we are alive these glorious spring days. Perhaps the gladness gets into our souls with the bird songs; perhaps with the wind which blows our hair when we go for an early morning walk; or perhaps it comes with the buds and blossoms of the trees which surround us on every side and make us really feel the "stir of life" that Lowell talks about. Gladness in our souls is as bound to evidence itself as truly as the cardinal's spontaneous song or the tree's unpremeditated blossoms. We just must breathe more deeply, smile more happily, think more nobly, live more abundantly. And although we cannot but obey the lure of nature to come out from our man-made affairs and learn of her for a season, we return to our duties with new courage and broader vision,

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ready to put into them some of the sheer gladness of being alive. Then at their ripening we will just as surely find the fruits of higher love, better service and increased achievement.

Easter Vacation.

Avis Crowder.

Perhaps we did feel a trifle lonely when we realized that we were being left alone on these corridors, and maybe the rain did dampen our spirits a wee bit, but isn't it surprising what a good dinner and a laugh over a good comedy can do for those dampened spirits? It was quite agreeable to know that we could do just as we pleased for four solid days. We might read, walk, and sleep as if we were ladies of leisure.

Snow during Easter vacation seemed a little incongruous, but it didn't grieve us, because we weren't planning any rides anyhow. We were quite content to curl up on the bed with a book and some pop-corn, while it snowed outside. Saturday afternoon, while it snowed, we gave a party in the gym for some poor little children. It was great fun to play "Little Red Hen" and "Pussy Wants a Corner" around the fire-place.

How we did lunch and dine on cinnamon rolls, ham, and chicken! So, it was small wonder that we didn't greet you joyously on your return. Frankly, we would have been pleased if a blizzard had kept you away for a day or two longer. But now that you are all here again and the vacation is over, we, who stayed, feel as one Soph said, "I believe I'll come back next year after all—I like I. W. C. lots better since I've spent this vacation here."

Velma B.—Scott bought Abbot's ford.

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Last Days.

Marian Jane Robison.

Queer sounds came from the closet as Bess cleared off the shelves.

"Oh Madge," she cried, "Here's that blue Georgette waist you lost last fall."

"My dear, where on earth did you find it?" cried Madge, jumping up and knocking over a big pile of books she was trying to pack in the box which was in the middle of the room.

"Why, here under your hiking shoes. You haven't had them on since you joined the hiking club. I'm not saying since the club disbanded. Waist looks rather the worse for wear, and, say, here's Ted's frat pin. You'd better be careful or you won't be a hundred per cent when you get to be a Senior.

"I certainly am thankful you found that, as I didn't know what on earth to tell him. And just think, that'll be next Sunday. Doesn't it seem funny that a whole year has gone by? And next year we'll be Sophomores! Oh joy, next fall we'll be rushing around here."

"You mean rushing others around," interrupted Bess.

"Well, anyway you like", responded Madge, "but it will be fun, and won't we feel important? What's that under your chair?" And with that she dragged forth a rather crumpled kimona and held it up to view. "Why, Bess Teller, you should be ashamed! Here's that kimona you borrowed from Mil for the Washington Birthday Party. I'm perfectly ashamed of you!"

"Haven't I taken that back yet? Why, I was sure I had a long time ago," gasped poor Bess as she wearily sat down on the nearest chair, which was already overflowing with clothes, books, candy boxes and a pair of skates.

The College Greetings

"Well, you're in for it now! You know she's a Junior! And you rented it. I rather imagine you won't be going down to Peacock's with the rest of us tonight," consoled Madge.

"You can't say much, for there's that bill at Ehnies you have to pay yet", returned Bess. "Thank goodness, I don't run bills."

"Oh, by the way then, you might pay me that thirty-three cents you owe me."

"I will just as soon as you pay me for that waist you bought from me Sunday," answered Bess. "But this isn't getting us anywhere with our packing and we'd better hurry up if we want to go to Scott's this afternoon. Charles Ray is there and we just can't miss that! Don't you love the way he smiles?"

"Bess, do you know where that book I borrowed from Lou is? I've looked everywhere for it, and I've just got to give it back to her. Won't you miss her a lot? I will, she's so much fun. But, where is the book?" asked Madge, frantically trying to dislodge a book from behind the radiator.

"I don't know, Madge," Bess answered, "unless it could be that book you have under your bed to make it stop rocking."

"It is the book! No wonder I couldn't find it when I wanted it for that English exam. Wasn't that exam awful? But I think I passed. The book looks pretty good, dreadfully dusty and rather bent at the corners, but Lou's a good scout, she won't care."

"Madge, let's get the curtains down next. That will make it look more as if we were packed. Hand me the broom. I think I can reach them from the bed here."

Just then came the warning note, the three bells.

"My dear, is that the lunch bell?" cried Madge.

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"We're perfect sights and we haven't done a thing. But lets hurry and stop for Louise and find out when she wants to go to the show."

Men's Fashions.

Margaret Davison

Woman's greatest extravagance, according to man, is clothes. I heard a young man wonder aloud a short time ago why girls had to have new coats every year. Why he wanted to waste his time pondering such a question, is more than I can understand, for no amount of talking on his part could affect the answer. Of course, I admit that we members of the feminine sex, do like to have new clothes, but why should members of the opposite sex interfere if we choose to dye and make over our last year's coats, at the same time allowing people to believe them new?

But that is not my point. I mean to say that women have nothing on men along the clothes line. Even my youngest brother, barely past high school age insists upon silk hose, and calls them not luxuries, but necessities while I, although one of the more vain and more extravagant sex, feel myself extremely fortunate if I am the proud possessor of one pair, to be worn only upon state occasions.

Last Spring, I heard a young man of my acquaintance say that he was going to be obliged to discard the three perfectly good suits he had bought earlier in the season, because "they weren't wearing belts any more." What self-respecting woman would let herself be heard making such a remark as that? A few minutes and a pair of scissors would soon remedy that consideration, and no money lost. And then they say we're extravagant!

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Just Weather—and Work.

Sue Wade.

I've been trying to decide for a long time just which kind of day it is that makes us feel like working. Now yesterday was warm and spring-like, and we just could not work yesterday—we had the "spring fever" or it was "too wonderful out doors for us to stay inside and work" or we did "so long for a car-ride", and I really sympathized greatly with myself that there was work which must be done. That's just the right sort of day—just a perfect day—to loaf. Queer isn't it?

Today we aren't so bothered, for the rain is coming down in torrents, and we can work industriously every single minute! Still—it was such a perfect morning to sleep, and I got up late and didn't get a very good start at my work. Besides, it isn't a very peppy day, and rain always gives me the "blues", so how can I be expected to accomplish anything? If I just had something interesting to take my mind off the rain!

It certainly can't be our fault—the way we feel about the weather—for we want to work of course. I'm sure that it's just because the weather is so contrary! Just remember those glorious snowy days last winter when our greatest desire was for a grate fire, a "sinky" davenport and a novel! And yet we were compelled to read an essay or study a French lesson even if we were so fortunate as to find the fire and the davenport. Well, all we can say is "such is life" when work and the weather are considered at the same time. And after all, I'm still wondering—just which day is our working day?

MissCompton (who hates puns)—Now girls I want you to get the flavor of Lamb.

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A Gym Lesson.

Vera Wardner

There little girl, don't cry;
They have whacked at your shins, I know;
You are black and blue, and your wrist hurts, too,
But they're things of the long ago
For Hockey troubles will soon pass by,
There little girl, don't cry.
There little girl don't cry;
You're feet have grown weary, I know.
You've trudged many a mile till you scarcely could smile
But it's all in the long ago.
For basket-ball will soon come by,
There little girl, don't cry.
There little girl don't cry;
They have smashed up your nose, I know,
But the glad, wild ways of your college days
Will soon be the long ago.
And for gym bumps and bruises then you will sigh,
There little girl, don't cry.

A Bargain.

Veriel Black

They talk about the high cost of living, of the extreme prices of cloth, the poor quality and service; but have you ever thought how easy it is for you to get a piece of blue felt 6x12 with a yellow lacing—the college colors? Not only do you get this piece of felt which adds much to a college memory book—but you have heaps of fun getting it and at the same time acquire a strong healthy physique. Now isn't that worth working for? If you doubt it, ask any of the girls who on March 17 were awarded these arm bands, presented

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to them by the Athletic Association, the wearing of which takes them out of the class of common folks and puts them into a class all by themselves.

Did I hear you ask how you could get one? Just this way—

Hike a bit
Make a hit
In tennis every day;
Hockey's not all
There's Basket-ball,
And Soccer's on its way.

Come join us and proudly wear an Arm Band.

Athletic Honors Awarded

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Ruth Harper, Marie Iliff, Marian Jane Robison, Leatha Bunting, Melba Hamilton, Esther Harper, Florence Madden, Lorene Smith, Josephine Brown, Ada Clotfelter, Venus Neff, Harriet Keys, Helen Blaisdell, Julia Pitkin, Lois Forcum, Doris Hamilton, Virgie Barton, Clara Powell, Dorothy Gower, Leota Cooper, Helen Kent, Ruth Rowell.

Numerals

Mary Bishop, Vera Wardner, Hildreth Ashwood.

Gymnastic Exhibition.

Sue Wade

The Physical Education Department brought its quarter of indoor gymnastics to a close Saturday evening, March 27, with the Gymnastic Exhibition. The program opened with the Grand March of all classes, after which Dr. Harker presented arm bands and numerals to a large number of girls, who had won the re-

The College Greetings

quired number of points according to the Athletic Association Point system, and at the same time had maintained an average of "B" or over in academic work. Then followed a varied program of drills, dances, marching tactics and games by different classes, and the final games of the basket-ball tournament concluded the program.

Home Economics Notes.

The playlet, "Come, Dine with Us", which was presented by Miss Ruth E. Hills' class in advanced cookery at the Home Economics Institute held at the College before Christmas, and repeated at the Home Economics Club meeting, has just been published by Miss Hills.

In a letter to Miss Hills, Miss Nina B. Crigler, Food Specialist in the Extension department at the University of Illinois, wrote the following comment: "The playlet is gotten up in a very attractive form and is well done. I will have occasion to recommend it to clubs and classes in the state, and will be glad to do so. I think you have made a real contribution to the teaching of table setting and service in an unusual and unique way."

The girls who took part in the presentation were Melba Hamilton, Mildred Keys, Marion Caruthers, and Mary Bishop.

The classes in advanced cookery and in dietetics are having an unusual opportunity this year in getting acquainted with the work of a hospital dietitian. Miss Pattison, the dietitian at Passavant Hospital, has taken the girls into her diet kitchen and given them a chance to learn the work under her supervision. Large quantity buying has been taught by trips to wholesale houses. The classes have also visited the large kitchens of the state institutions in the city, to get acquainted with their methods.

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Junior-Senior Banquet.

Margaret Davison

The annual Junior-Senior Banquet was held at Colonial Inn, Saturday evening, April 11. After the banquet a program was given consisting of a violin solo by Bernice Holnback, a vocal solo by Mona Ramsey with violin obligato by Bernice Holnback, and a play entitled "Cousin Frank" which featured the 100 per cent idea. Some of the Juniors were afraid the Seniors wouldn't get the point but they all say they did. Anyway, we hope they take the hint, and display a few more left-hand sparklers before the time is up.

Guests at the banquet were: Dr. and Mrs. Harker, Miss Austin, Miss Compton, Miss Sadie Nischwitz of Havana and Miss Wilma Kendall of Mt. Sterling.

Basket-Ball Tournament.

Bernice Holnback.

The first games of the Basket-ball Tournament were played in the Gymnasium, March 13, when the Freshman played against the Juniors and the Sophomores against the Seniors with Miss Stanwood as referee. All the classes were full of pep, and supported the teams most loyally. The Freshmen and Sophomores were winners by a large score, and indulged in hilarious celebrations after the games.

The next game was played between the Freshmen and Seniors, March 16, the Freshmen again coming out winners.

The Sophomores were winners of the Sophomore-Junior game, and the Sophomores only won by a narrow margin.

The championship games occurred after the Gym-

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nastic Exhibition, March 27. The Juniors and Freshmen were arrayed on one side of the Gym, against the Seniors and Sophomores on the other side in order to root for their respective teams. The teams were well matched in both games and enthusiasm ran high until the last whistle blew. The Juniors won the Junior-Senior game with a score of 22-15. The outcome of the Sophomore Freshmen game was merely a matter of time, the score being tied until a few minutes before the whistle blew, but the Sophomores at the very last minute, made the score 19-18.

Music Notes.

The second number of the Artist Course, the Zoellner String Quartette appeared March 22. Though the musicians were late in arriving, a large audience awaited them. The numbers were beautiful selections from Mozart, Jan Brandts, Buys and Borodine.

On March 29 the advanced students gave an evening recital to the school and public at large. All departments of the school were represented, piano, voice, violin and organ.

Miss Louise Miller accompanied by Marjorie Taylor gave her recital to a large representative audience, Monday evening April 12. The program consisted of several groups, among which were selections from Old English, French and Russian composers. Many thought the program far too short for each one who knew her had his favorite song that he longed to hear in each encore.

Miss Miller, formerly a student in the college under Mrs. Hartmann, and later an instructor at the college, now holds the position occupied by Mrs. Hartmann previous to her recent marriage.

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Easter Y. W. C. A. Service.

Mildred Keys

Our Easter Y. W. C. A. service was held on Palm Sunday with Lorene Smith as leader. It was a very very lovely and unusual service of scripture and music. Printed programs were distributed at the door and were as follows:

Birth of Jesus—Luke 2: 1-11

Choir—"Silent Night

Peace on Earth—Luke 2: 12-14

Hymn—"There's A Song in the Air"

Jesus in the Temple—Luke 2: 41-49

Duet—"The King's Business"—Mona Ramsey, Mildred Mayer

Choosing the Twelve—Luke 6: 12-19

Hymn—"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"

Discourse with Nicodemus—John 3: 1-7

Lord's Prayer

Solo—"Come Unto Me"—Miss Miller

Triumphal Entry—Matthew 21: 1-9

Violin Solo—"The Palms"—Bernice Holnback

The Crucifixion—Matthew 27: 33-37

Solo—"There's A Green Hill Far Away"—Miss Miller

The Resurrection—John 20: 11-14

Solo—"Peace I Leave With You"—Miss Miller

As the choir from an adjoining room softly sang "Silent Night" we were taken back to Jesus' birth; and the choice of scripture and music was most effective in carrying us all through the life of Jesus to the Resurrection on Easter Sunday.

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The Easter Party.

Mona Ramsey.

On Saturday afternoon, April third, the Social Service Committee of the Y. W. C. A. gave their annual Easter party to nineteen poor children of the first and second grades. To say that the girls entertained these little folks would not be quite right for the children furnished the fun and entertainment themselves. All they needed were a few chairs which were beds, tables, and rocking chairs in "Little Goldie Locks and the Three Bears" a corner or two to represent the straw, wood, and brick houses of "The Three Pigs" and the highly polished gymnasium floor for skating and sliding. There was one little boy, Frank, who used the horse and bars to demonstrate the strength of his arms, even though he needed crutches to help him along. When five o'clock came there were still games which had not been played and some to be played again. After a last tumble on the slippery gymnasium floor, they took their little Easter egg nests, which they had found tucked away in the corners and nooks of the gymnasium, home to their little brothers and sisters.

Belles Lettres.

We were very glad to have Dr. Milligan talk to us Marth 30. Her subject was Woman's Work in the Medical Department during the recent war.

The engagement of Gertrude Onken to Mr. Allen of Versailles has been announced.

April 13th.

Aa

Mrs. W. A. Faye read her paper on Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" in the society meeting, April 30.

Marjorie Taylor accompanied Miss Miller at her recital April 12.

The College Greetings

Mrs. Atwell has presented the society with some interesting old mementos which belonged to her aunt, Henrietta Keplinger, a member of the class of 1857.

We were grieved at the death of Mrs. Pyatt, a former member of the society.

Theta Sigma.

Miss Erva Moody has been elected head of the Latin Department in the Academy at Carthage College for next year.

We have recently received a gift of fifty dollars from our new members.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Rachel Rexroat to Mr. Horace Virgin of Virginia, Illinois.

The first Tuesday after Easter vacation the Society enjoyed an Easter party in the Society Hall. It was a memory book party and everybody contributed something for the Society book.

The engagement of Miss Mary Baldridge of the class of 1916 to Mr. Aura Bradley of Akron, Ohio has been announced. April sixth is the date of the marriage.

Lambda Alpha Mu.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Frances Hinchman to Mr. Guy parsons at Wolcott, Indiana, March 24.

We are happy to announce that Gertrude Hall has recently been made a pledge of Lambda Mu.

The Society enjoyed an Easter party given the last meeting before our Easter recess. Appropriate games and refreshments were enjoyed.

Helena Munson visited Marian Munson at the college a few weeks ago.

The College Greetings

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Mary Harrison to Mr. Charles Louis Eyanson. They will be at home after May first in Philadelphia.

Phi Nu.

Virginia Johnson spent the week-end with friends. Edith Kensil was a week-end visitor recently.

Miss Ruth Mildred Appleby and Mr. Ross D. Hinterliter were married March 28, Dr. Harker officiating. They will be at home in Cuba, Illinois.

Our sympathy is extended to Lucy Pyatt in the loss of her mother.

We are very sorry that through oversight the Dunlap Hotel has failed to appear in our directory of advertisers this year. This was due to an error in listing the names in September and our attention was not called to the matter until recently.

Calendar.

Melba Hamilton.

March 16—Mournful wails from those taking English History exam. Freshman-Senior game 49-12.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day. Sophomores celebrate their birthday with a delightful old-fashioned play, "Seven Old Ladies from Lavendar Town." Admission was charged which they added to the "deficit."

March 18—Rain and sleet for a change. Miss Neville leaves for Pittsburg to attend a convention of religious educators.

March 20—First big College Dance—real jazz music, punch and programs.

March 21—Several are known to stay home from church because of no Easter bonnet. Aren't girls foolish?

The College Greetings

March 22—My! but didn't we enjoy the Zoellner String Quartette?

March 23—Freshman recognition day. The Blue and White is seen in the corridors and on the campus.

March 24—The water nowadays is a beautiful black color.

March 25—Nominations for Student President.

March 26—In morning chapel, Miss Austin gave a report of the Dean's Conference held at Cleveland, Ohio.

Sophomore and Junior game in the evening. Good thing the Sophs found Connie.

March 27—Gym exhibition and two basket ball games in which the Juniors and Sophomores were victorious.

March 28—Easter service led by Lorene Smith.

March 29—A fire drill and some folks thought it was an "honest injun" fire. Students recital in the evening.

March 30—What shall we do in the evenings now that basket-ball practice is over?

Mary Bishop elected president of the Student Association.

March 31—Five from our college and five from Illinois College spoke at Grace Church.

April 1—April Fool yourself. At last Easter vacation begins.

April 2—Sleep, read, eat and shows for those here, those at home or visiting.

April 3—Easter party for some little folks.

April 4—An unusual Easter for many of us—Snow!

April 5—Finis of Easter vacation—several are snow-bound.

The College Greetings

April 6—Quite a number go to see the mysterious man and even think he is “wonderful.”

Dr. Harker gives us a splendid definition to remember—“Success is the science of being believed in.”

April 7—Changed tables.

April 8—Avis Crowder elected President of the Y. W. C. A.

April 9—Vera Wardner elected Editor of the College Greetings.

April 10—Wasn't it nice of the Juniors to give the Seniors a banquet at Colonial?

April 11—Miss Neville gave a report of the convention in Y. W.

April 12—More rain! Miss Miller gave a very delightful recital in the evening.

Jokes.

M. E.—Miss Hills, what is the weight of a pound of flour?

A. C.—Melba did we win the tournament the first year we were here?

M. H.—Sure did.

A. C.—Well I thought so because I was linesman.

K. W.—I'm glad I didn't go but I wish I had.

Dr. T.—How shockd I would have been if I had been conscious of sensations when I was born, July 4th.

J. P.—I just can't talk French—English is so much easier.

R. H.—Oh! I just love to hear it rain when I'm asleep.

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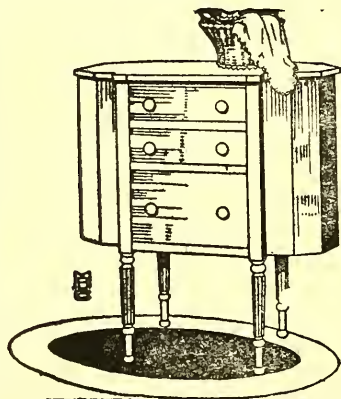
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Anna, "I've enough Millers" to contend with now."

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The College Greetings

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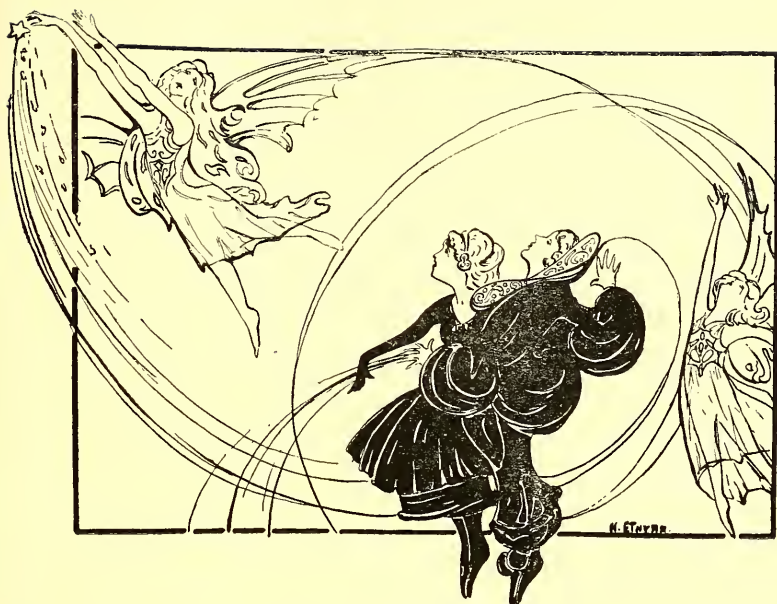
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The Ghost of an Old Fairy Tale.

In moments low-drooping with sadness,
When sordidness seems everywhere
And light-hearted youth waving farewell
Leaves hearts, burnt out, cheerless,
Heavy laden with care;

Sometimes like the fleck of a rose tinted cloud
That lingers a while when the great clouds have fled
Lending its gay hue, enlivening the blue;
The ghost of a fairy tale flits through my head.
Airy, elusine, intangible, dead;
The ghost of a fairy tale flits through my head.

Then fancy awakens many sweet songs to sing
Youth careless comes frolicking back
Like snow-flakes, when touched by the warm fairy Spring,
Old care melts away leaving joy in her track.
Perhaps a whole troop of laugh-laden dreams
Or blithe sun-flecked memories long mourned as dead
Bring a song to my throat and a dance to my feet
As the ghost of a fairy tale flits through my head.
Airy, elusine, intangible, dead,
Just the ghost of a fairy tale flits through my head.

—Marie Iliff.

The College Greetings

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Jacksonville, Ill., June, 1920

No. 9.

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EDITORIAL



They say that as people grow older they don't believe in fairies or goblins or dragons or animals that talk, because they know these things aren't real. Yet it is safe to venture that within most people's hearts still linger a wistful love of fairy folk, and an unshakable conviction that they are real and that it is the doubters who are the humbugs. It is to these people that we dedicate this issue of the Greetings—to all of you who have poked about in cobwebs to catch an occasional glimpse of star dust, to those who still stoop to look for Queen Mab under the mushrooms, to those who listen for the song the bee sings to the primrose—and understand the words. If it be childish to make believe, then we are childish, but who can say that to believe in the fanciful; to stake all on the faith that what ought to be, is; to count on the fact that beauty and whimsical loveliness are truth, who can say that this is not the essence of wisdom.

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Bulwer Lytton once said,

“There is no unbelief!

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,

And waits to see it push away the clod,

He trusts in God.”

So there are those who, by their faith and belief would seem to move mountains. It was no magic wand that brought our college into being. It was not a matter of saying “We shall build a college in Jacksonville.” Rather, it was a matter of planting a seed and caring for it watchfully, faithfully, and thoughtfully, while it was pushing away the clods above it and coming out into the light. To those of the class of 1920, the story of the growth of the college sounds almost magical but we know to whom honor is due and here we pay tribute to the man whose great belief has brought such things to pass.

If we might grant to those who follow us, anything that we wish that they may take away from these halls I am sure that it would be that they may carry away with them, hearts and minds as full as ours are, of love for old I. W. C. and a willingness to be of any service to humanity that we may, because of those who believe in us. It is by faith such as we have had placed in us that our President has moved his mountains and how much more might we be able to do if we might measure ours by his own.



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Fairy Hearts.

"Jarvis, Jarvis, 'tis sorry ye'll be if ye don't git up the day."

Eight year old Jarvis O'Malley burrowed a curly red head deeper into his pillow to deaden the sound of the voice that had already called twice. He knew what would happen next. The unanswered third call was always followed by a firm and solid tread on the creaky top stair and was also accompanied by action more forcible.

"Look at ye now, a lyin' in bed whin all the burds is singin' and the woods is full of little people that ye could be playin' with. Besides I want ye to take old Blarney to be shod. Some wicked sprite has loosened a nail in 'iz shoe and 'tis near off."

"Oh, mother, that's fun, and I can go through the woods?"

"Sure, 'twould be quicker."

Jarvis tumbled out of bed in a hurry, startling his mother. Once out in the road, with Blarney nibbling along behind him in the dewy grass of the road side, there were so many things to see that Jarvis could hardly wait for Blarney to finish each fresh patch of grass.

"No Blarney, you can't eat that one, I saw a fairy drinking dew from that grass flower. Now come," and the old horse obediently stumbled along.

At the end of the quarter mile Jarvis struck off into a path which disappeared into the cool darkness of a stretch of woodland.

"Whew, Blarney, seems that I never see the woods enough any more, because there's school days and when I think I can go mother gets scared again and don't want me to go alone. I wish I had a dog and then she'd let me. She said so, but we haven't any money to

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get even the tiniest puppy," he told the horse wistfully.

Blarney switched his tail sympathetically, catching in its length a seed pod which had stuck in a tree branch, and flirtingly whisked from his shiny back to the ground.

"Oh Gee, Blarney, that was the funniest thing. The funniest little Brownie man, with a pointed cap was up on your back just then. He must have climbed up your tail. Don't you step on any of 'em Blarney; but then they're pretty quick, guess they wouldn't give you the chance to. See Blarney, that one swingin' on a branch over way underneath the bushes. My I'm glad we came early Blarney because the sun will be up too high pretty soon an' you can't go wher I'm goin.' I'm a seein' of somethin'."

Jarvis was off through the bushes before Blarney had hardly stopped his langorous idling jaunt. Down close to the ground in a thicket of cool greenness the little fellow dropped to his knees and buried his face in a patch of tiny valley lily buds.

"Right where I planted you" he whispered, "I smelled you and oh you are so much more beautifuller than you smell. Hello there, fairy rover," he nodded to a huge dog tooth violet a few feet away. "You are still standing where I saw you last spring. Well you watch my lillies well, because nobody else has seen them. I must go to the village now but I'll say "hello" on my way back."

"Back again, Blarney" he called, "we must get a move on or Douglas McFarland will be too busy for us."

Blarney tossed his head and in so doing the rope on the halter swung upward and stayed fastened on a branch of a tree. Jarvis jumped to seize it, started forward, then stopped again and looked up.

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"Oh, Blarney, who-a-a-eee do you see that Blarney? It's a fairy heart. Sure an' it is, Blarney old boy, and don't you be forgettin' it. I saw one before in my life. Oh what shall I wish for Blarney? We'll ask Douglas."

The boy led the horse near an old tree stump and mounted on the animal's back, then rode nearer the first tree and was just high enough then to reach up and pick from a crevice in the bark a tiny red flower. It's petals were glossy and exquisitely velvet and on the end of the pistil was a tiny bulgy heart shaped bulb. Carefully and with dancing eyes he dropped it in his coat pocket.

* * * * *

"Wheel, wheel, lad, and wot is ut?" called the blacksmith as Jarvis turned in at the little shop.

"Hist mon, the evil ones have loosed a nail from his shoe."

"Wheel, wheel, a'll fix ut so's they mont," the old scotchman answered as he laid his pipe carefully on the bench and took the ropes from the boy's hand.

"Douglas, can you guess what I found?"

"Na na, lad, I canna doot."

"Sure an 'twas a fairy heart, Douglas."

"Wot of it, wot of it?"

"Why Douglas, don't you know?"

"Na, lad, that I dinna ken."

"Well 'tis like this, my mother has told me,—A band of good fairies,—"

"Now laddie, wud ye have me nailin' the shoe or listenin to yir tale?"

"Oh listen, Douglas, listen."

"I canna listen without ma pipe. Ye wul wait a wee bit—noo—begin."

"Well, a band of good fairies did something once that stopped an old witch from dong a wicked deed, and before they could get out of her way she changed them

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all into ugly dwarfs without any hearts, that is, good hearts, I suppose they had some kind, and she made their own hearts grow on the trunks of trees, and cast a spell so great that the fairies could not get them down. The only way they can get them is by the kindness of mortals and if the mortal that finds a fairy heart will take it by the light of the moon and put it by a stone in the middle of the woods, the fairies will grant any good wish that he makes. You see Douglas, that then the fairies whose hearts have been returned can come back to fairy land again."

"Ah see, ah see" the blacksmith murmured between puffs.

"But you see", the child continued, "I can't take it to the woods by moon light because I couldn't go then. Do you think Douglas, that somebody could do it for me? Would the fairies grant the wish if somebody else asked it?"

"They moot, they moot, we cud try."

"Who would there be to do it?"

"Weel, ah nicht mysel, and wot wud yu wish?"

"Oh a dog, a dog, Douglas."

"Weel, weel, we wul see."

Jarvis thought that surely his old friend would bite his pipe stem off this time.

"Guid bye, tell yir mother ah owe her a deal guid bit frae the butter milk she gaeb me."

"All right, and I'll look by the big oak on the north side of the trail, as you said. That's a fine place, Douglas."

The man stood watching the curly red head as it disappeared down the road with Blarney following.

"Ah dinna ken, ah dinna ken, but the fairie folk need a wee bit help, and so wud Michael Donahue need the money frae that pup."

—M. E. B. '20.

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Spring Fantasy.

"Oh! I hate to grow!" complained the dogwood tree,
Shivering its branches impatiently in the March wind.
"How I detest the very act of pushing forth
All those myriads of petal-like things—
Which ain't flowers, anyway—but look like them!
It's too much work to flower and seed and leaf myself!"
The sun laughed quietly
For he understood the vagaries of a dogwood tree,
And slyly sent an extra sunbeam that way.
The sunbeam danced across the hills
Drinking in the moisture of ice-released spring
And thrilling to the bird-song from the tips of the
 branches.
It made its way to the stark, unhappy tree
And nested in the unwilling heart of it. —
"Oh! how beautiful is spring!"—
Throbbled the dogwood tree,
"Now I must live, yes, and love and grow!" —E. H.

Class Prophecy.

It was late on a summer afternoon. The wood was dark and cool, a young girl leaned against a grassy bank and silently stared ahead. Suddenly there stood before her an old man, tall and thin and gray. "And who are you?" she said. "My name, he replied is Belferano, once every hundred years I come this way and grant the wish of whomsoever I first meet. Tell me your wish, my child, and this day it shall be granted." "I have some friends," she said, "who just now were with me here. If you can show me them as they will be after years have slipped away I shall be the happiest girl in all the world." Without a word the old man settled himself at her feet and resting his head on his hands, began: "I see green fields

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and bright sunshine, low hills and a cottage. Nell lives here, they call her a Master of Art. I see too, tall buildings and many people, a great city, and in one part a building with bright letters across the front and the letters are Y. W. C. A. Inside some strangers are asking for Miss Bunting who now leaves her desk and greets them with her cheerful "howdy girls." In another part of the great city I see some rooms in a small flat. In the first room are two girls. One, Florence, has just returned from a city church where she works as religious educator. She is listening to the other one, Frances, who is reciting the particulars of her latest case in the social service field. In an adjoining, one called Miriam sits at her desk absorbed in the writing of her first book. Marie the fourth girl in the group is kept busy looking after the other three.

"I see now a summer camp and a great lake and I see here many girls and there is among them one whom the girls call Miss Betty. She is their athletic director. Zerita and Ruth are there too, they are teachers.

"I see another city and here one called Esther works with brushes and paint, here Lucile plays in one of the great theaters and here Blanche studies voice. In this same city I also see a church and in the church a preacher and near the front sits one called Mary his wife.

"I see now a land of flowers and sunshine, a beautiful low rambling house near the water and on the wide porch, two girls, one, Mary Louise and the other Ruth. I see more water, endless stretches of water and after that, land. One part of this land is called Germany and here is a girl called Mildred, her work is reconstruction. Another part of this land, beyond the water, is called France and I see here a girl called Grace, she wears a

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blue triangle and he who is with her wears something which means the Inter-National Student Prohibition Movement. In this country I see also a party of tourists and among them Leatha, Virginia, Winifred and Alene. At last I see three homes. In one is Gladys and with her one called Elwyn, in another Anna and with her one called Fritz, and in the third, Mamie and with her one called Clarence." "Belferano, I thank you," the girl said, but only a blue jay replied. She was again alone.

—Edna Osborne.

Four-leaf Clovers.

Oh, the delightfulness of a patch of cool green clover! Their is something about their triple greenness, their modest growth that strikes a love-note in the heart. How retiring they are when compared to the flaunting dandelion—and they're twice as useful.

For the luck of the ages comes thru one paragon of the clover family. One four-leaf genius of a three-leaf fold may bring to a mere mortal a whole train of favoring fortunes! The day may seem dull and gloomy when lo! like a ray of glorious light, without warning, a four-leaf bursts on the sight.

But why pluck this little symbol of fairy alliance? You may wear it in hope of finding a mate, but think of the numbers you'd have if you did. The luck is in finding, not in picking, 'tis said. Let it grow; and the whole world passing that way, will be favored with luck! Then the world will be fairyland, and mortals be gnomes. We will live to be happy.—Who knows but our wings of rare gossamer will be, as they were when all clovers had four leaves for three?

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Arbor Day.

On April 21 occurred the annual tree-planting. The tree selected by the Seniors this year was a cut-leaf birch. It was planted at the south-west corner of Harker Hall. Preceding the planting of the tree a short program was given. Following a few words of greeting by the president of the class, Miss Mildred Funk a poem by Theodosia Garrison entitled "Shade" was read by Miss Esther Hetherlin. The class adviser, Miss Mary Anderson, put on the first spade of dirt to insure growth. The exercises closed with the singing of the college song by the students.

May Day, 1920.

Regardless of the fact that the weather seemed uncompromising the Annual May Day Fete was held late in the afternoon of May eighteenth. Although postponed one day from the original date this was not sufficient to dampen the ardor of those who took part.

The clouds proved to have a silver lining and the sun smiled through to greet the crowning of Ruth Harker, the new queen. The sun's appearance also brightened the glory of the lavender and yellow color scheme which predominated both in the costumes and decorations to fine effect.

Classes as a whole contributed the greater part of the program.

The Hoop dance given by the Freshmen class displayed a fascinating maze of color and movement.

The Gay Hussars recalled a bit of the military with their tactics, and gorgeous purple.

The quaint St. George's Play and Morris dancing took us back to days of long ago in Merrie old England.

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Finally, the Maypole was wound in gay lavender and yellow streamers by four girls from every class in the school. Another May day has gone down in the history of the college.

Weather Report.

According to the weather report for Thursday, May 27, there were three showers in one afternoon and the sun kept shining, through it all. It seemed that the showers themselves turned out to be showers of blessing for the members of the Senior class. The occasion was a delightful garden party and shower given by Miss Anderson in honor of the Misses English, Goodale and Kennedy. Each guest of honor was presented with an electric toaster.

Baccalaureate Sunday.

This year the Baccalaureate Service was in Centenary Church. As Seniors of 1920 we appreciated the importance of the occasion. The violin and organ music by Miss Moore and Miss Larimore and the vocal numbers by Miss Miller put us in just the right mood to receive eagerly the Baccalaureate address which was delivered by President Harker. He reminded us of our responsibility as college women, possessed of some amount of riches in education, and bespoke our consecration of this wealth to the work of the world and of the kingdom of God. We liked the direct way in which Dr. Harker spoke to us. It seemed like a college chapel service only more impressive and more earnest because it was our last.

F. M.

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The Last Chapel Service.

There is sometimes a reference made to the best being last, but there is a question as to whether that holds absolutely true during the college commencement scason. There were so many "lasts", that even the strongest resolution not to have a spell of weeps was to no purpose.

But at least one nice last event was the chapel service on the Tuesday before exams. With all the dignity der the escort of their sister class, the Sophomores. Was it because of real joy that a tremor of amusement spread thru the dark clad ranks as they reached their seats? Even the faculty looked sympathetically "smiley."

The service went off as usual, and the class of '20 at Dr. Harker's invitation, left chapel; and with their remembrance of such last chapels in the past, the class knew that the Juniors had moved up to occupy their place.

Bridal wreaths and bleeding hearts
Topping every place!
Was it a wonder that a smile
Did spread from face to face?
May the class of '21
Evading '20's bumps
Follow in the bridal way
Making hearts their trumps!



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Class Day.

Class Day this year was different from the usual out-of-door entertainment given by the Seniors. Instead the class presented three one act plays in Music Hall on Monday afternoon.

The plays given were "Ashes of Roses", a charming, quaint play of England; "Gretna Green", another English play of old-fashioned setting; and "The Maker of Dreams", a French Pierrot and Pierrette play of moonlight and lovely dreams.

Commencement.

The Commencement address of this sixty-ninth Commencement of I. W. C. was delivered by Bishop Oldham of South America. He gave a rapid survey of women thru the ages, pointing out that what woman desired from man she has always received,—whether it was the brutality of the cave man fighting for her,—or the modern vote and equality. He paid fine tribute to women of the home and charged the class of young women to bear with them into whatever sphere of life they went, their pure, indefinable charm of womanliness.



The College Greetings

Charge to the Graduating Class of 1920.

In advancing you to the rank of Bachelor, and giving you this public recognition that you are graduates of the Illinois Woman's College, I am admitting you to a most ancient and honorable order composed of all those everywhere who have enjoyed the privileges and bear the responsibilities of college training and scholarly culture. Especially I am admitting you to the company of graduates of this College, a most noble band of women now scattered through all the states of the Union, and some of them to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The securing of this degree is not the end of your college life, it is in a real sense its beginning. So far you have been on trial, now you are admitted to full membership—honored and accepted members, entering into all the rights and privileges of the order.

We are here to welcome your incoming. In the name of the Illinois Woman's College I charge you to prove yourselves worthy of this high honor. Magnify its privileges and responsibilities. Make yourselves from the very beginning, active members, constantly identified with every interest of your Alma Mater. Do all you can to make strong the bond between all the members of the order, and to make that bond effective for everything for which the college stands.

It is fitting that you do publicly declare your purpose so to do, and I ask you to join in the College Promise:

I Receive this Degree

With a Deep Sense of the Obligation thus Conferred

AND I PROMISE

To Hold it with Honor to Myself

With generous and abiding loyalty to my Alma Mater

And with purpose to render every possible helpful
womanly service.

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And may the Lord bless you and keep you, making you to abound in all good works, and faithful to the end.

Joseph R. Harker,
President

Lambda Alpha Mu

Gladys Jacquith spent the week end with us recently.

We are glad to welcome Elson Pires and Mary Ellison as new members of Lambda Mu.

Cordelia Randolph, Maurine Gifford, Louise Reed and Eva Gertrude Hodgens were visitors at the college during commencement week.

We are happy to announce a gift of fifty dollars to the society from the pledges.

The officers of Lambda Alpha Mu for 1920-21 are as follows:

President—Mildred Keys
Vice-President—Hildreth Ashwood
Recording Secretary—Mildred Mayer
Treasurer—Eunice Olinger
Corresponding Secretary—Melba Hamilton
Critic—Marion Munson
Chaplain—Janette Wallace
Reporter—Ruth Gillespie
Pianist—Margaret Merker
Ushers—Doris Hamilton, Helen Gowdy
Sergeant-at-arms—Helen Harris

Miss Florence Cranston of Denver, Colorado, was married on April sixteenth to Mr. Gustane Wilkens.

Miss Grace Lees of Oak Park, Illinois, was married on April the 22nd to Mr. Edward Dicker.

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Theta Sigma Scoiety.

On May 8, a joint picnic was held with the Lambda Alpha Mu Society at Oak Lawn.

Tina Shumway, Emma Eberhardt, and Lelah Howell have been taken into full membership.

Leatha Bunting, Gladys Goodale, and Edna Osborn gave an At Home to the Society Tuesday afternoon, May 25th.

Lois Carpenter '19 was a guest of her sister for the May Day week-end.

The new officers are as follows:

President—Gladys Chase

Vice-President—Velma Bain

Secretary—Ruth Rowell

Treasurer—Bessie Thayer

Corresponding Secretary—Harriet Watt.

Chaplin—Ada Clotfelter.

Critic—Vera Wardner.

Chorister—Helen Carpenter.

Summoner—Dorothy Gower.

Librarian and Reporter—Janice Swank.

Pages—Constance Hasenstab and Ruth Haywood.

Born April 7, 1920 a son, Merrill Eugene to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Woerner of Rensseler, Ind. Mrs. Woerner was formerly Ethel Gillespie.

Miss Lucille Rexroat and Mrs. Rachel Rexroat Virgin spent the week-end at the College recently.

Belles Lettres.

Eleanor Jane Dinsmore's name has been added to the list of members.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neat of Winchester announce the birth of a daughter May 24. Mrs. Neat was formerly Miss Lucille North.

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Tuesday, May 25th our Seniors gave an impromptu program of fresh strawberry ice cream, wafers and mints.

On Thursday afternoon, May 20, Nell Lindley gave her graduation recital in piano.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Evan Rennevoohn a son. Mrs. Rennevoohn was formerly Miss Winifred Bruff.

Miss Gertrude Onken and Mr. Bernard Allen were married May 12th at the bride's home in Chapin. Mr. and Mrs. Allen will reside at Versailles, Illinois.

Mamie Kennedy gave her graduation recital in Expression April 22. Miss Kennedy read, Galsworthy's "Joy."

The Annual Belles Lettres luncheon was held at Colonial Inn, Saturday May 29. —A. D., '20.

College of Music.

The month has been one of unusual activity in the College of Music.

On Wednesday evening, May 5th, the Trinity Church Benefit Concert was given in Music Hall. Those of our own college faculty who took part in the program were Mr. Henry Ward Pearson, Miss Rena Lazelle and Miss Clara Moore as well as Illinois College Musical faculty and friends in the city.

Mr. Frank Collins gave his recital in organ for certificate, on May 7th.

The students in the college of music gave an Ensemble Recital on May 10th.

On Thursday, May 13th, the pupils of Miss Lulu D. Hay gave their annual spring recital.

Other recitals of the month have been formal and informal recitals by advanced and intermediate students on May 6th, May 24th, and May 29th.

The College Greetings

On Thursday, May 20th, Miss Nelle C. Lindley, pianist, candidate for Bachelor of Music Degree and Mrs. Russel P. Wells, soprano, candidate for the Vocal Certificate assisted by Miss Clara Moore, violinist, gave a recital.

The Madrigal Club and the String Orchestra of the college—gave their annual concert on Friday, May 28. The soloists of the evening were Miss Louise Miller and Miss Rena Lazelle.

The closing concert in the College of Music was given by the College Orchestra on Monday evening May 31st. Miss Louise Miller soloist of the evening sang "When Love Like the Dawn Comes Stealing" by Cadman, and "Smilin' Through" by Penn. Her beautiful voice never appeared to better advantage than with the orchestral accompaniment.

The orchestra has been greatly augmented this year by the addition of three cellos and the tympani which adds much volume and color.

The concert was the most successful affair held in the college this year. The large audience in attendance was most enthusiastic in its appreciation of music.

—N. L. '20.

Business Record—May 1920.

Balance at beginning of school year	\$179.78
Receipts	
From advertising by B. Seaman	510.00
From subscriptions by F. Hinchman June 1919	5.00
M. Watson	214.00
Sale of old magazines	.50
Sale of extra copies	.15
Sale of old magazines	.50
	219.65
Total Income	909.43

The College Greetings

Disbursements:

Long—for June 1919 issue	99.92
Roach Press—	
First eight issues of Greetings	480.00
Greetings Extra	12.00
Cut	4.47
Extra type	2.00
Total	498.47
Veriel Black (for Illiwoco)	20.00
Magazines (for library)	13.75
Harriet Etnyre (cover design)	1.00
Magill (Letter Heads)	4.50
Cora Cherry (Illini)	2.60
Senior Class (class day programs)	10.00
Junior Class (commencement decorations)	10.00
Account Book	1.50
Stamps	1.50
Mailing fund	2.00
E. Hetherlin (supplies for office)	1.50
B. Seaman (stamps and cards)	.50
Total	667.24
Balance on hand	242.19
Estimated Expenditures	
Senior Issue of Greetings	72.00
Greetings Breakfast	15.00
Probable balance to be expended after conference of the two staffs.	155.19

Greetings Luncheon.

The Annual Luncheon of the "Greetings" Staff was given Monday May 24 at Peacock Inn. The members of both the old and the new staffs were present. A delightful luncheon was served and immediately follow-

The College Greetings

ing their was a business meeting at which various reports were made and plans and suggestions were given to the new staff from the rich store house of ideas reposing in the minds of those retiring after a year of experience. A most favorable financial report was given by Margaret Watson as Junior Business Manager. The Editor-in-chief made a brief resume of the work done by the Greetings staff for the year. Dr. Harker commended the report and urged that the new staff continue to boost the Greetings to the utmost in order to make it a real live department of the College. After this the meeting was turned over to an open discussion as to how the Greetings could be bettered. Many new ideas were introduced which seem to point toward a very fine Greetings for next year. It's success of course depends upon the support from the students and friends not alone by subscription but also by contribution and cooperation with the staff in furnishing material. Watch for the Greetings for the year 1920-21 and support it to your utmost ability! —Cora Cherry '21.

Officers of Student Organizations 1920-1921.

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Associate Editor	Cora Cherry
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Assistant Business Manager	Velma Bain
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The College Greetings

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W. C. T. U.'ers

The new U'ers are Laila Skinner, Marian Jane Robison, Irene Schlosser, Joe Brown, Yutchie Clotfelter, Rufus Haywood and Kat Whitney.

With members eight they made a date;

On onions they did dine.

They looked in vain a name to rate

Their qualities divine.

At last they found a noble one,

W. C. T. U. it is.

Two friends not bid, were not out done,

So formed the A. C. Fiz. (short for Fizzle)

Both clubs do meet the self-same night,

'Tis by A. C.'s intention,

For they would like to pick a fight

'Cause they lack prohibition.

Not so our member with light hair

Her world is "I. P. A."

But so with all a hobby rare

Is ever on display.

Three members show strong inclination

For agriculturists;

Be it their name or occupation

They're added to our lists.

The other five have similiar aims

We wish them all success.

The College Greetings

May they grow old as comedy dames
And ne'er their age confess.

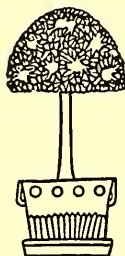
Now last we charge our members new
To follow in our steps.

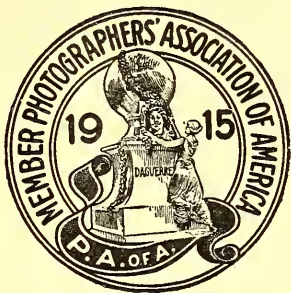
Your meetings can be only few
So drink to greatest depths.

May this go on for years and years
And spread democracy
Now members old, you dry your tears
And write your legacy.

Those leaving the shelter of this noble organization are Pony, Mickey, Goodie, Davis, Schwartzie, Sip, and Amber. That leaves Wifis as the only charter member of the Cistern of the Underworld.

The Senior Class is proud of their goose mascot. Christening failed to take place on account of the pressure of Commencement events. Any comments on '20's choice of a mascot will be facetious.





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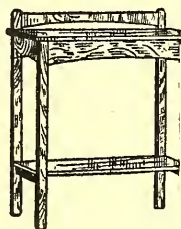
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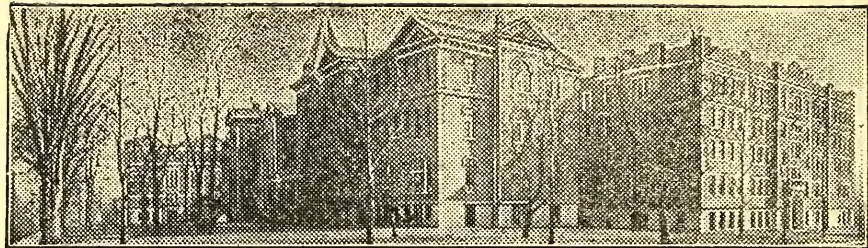
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